THE BYSTANDER
Vol LXXIII—No 948

FEBRUARY 1, 1922

Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper.

# OUR NEW INSURANCE SCHEME—Humorous Skit by H. Burnet

Finest Golden Virginia,
OVAL, CORK-TIPPED.

**Spinet**

The SUPER
**CIGARETTE**

Made and Guaranteed by the Spinet House with its Reputation of over **146 Years.**

**20 for 1/6**
Also boxes of 50 and 100.

**BOLLINGER'S**
By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V
**CHAMPAGNE**
1914
Vintage

**Shoolbred's**
TOTTENHAM HOUSE, W.1.
Thoroughly reliable
**FURNITURE**
at prices to meet all requirements

*BEDROOM FURNITURE*

| | FROM |
|---|---|
| 3 ft. Mahogany Bedroom Suite | £29 10 0 |
| 4 ft. Oak Bedroom Suite ... | £29 17 6 |
| 5 ft. Inlaid Mahogany ditto... | £49 10 0 |

**"Viyella" Shirts and Pyjamas**

**Give that sense of personal comfort and good appearance essential to the well-dressed man.**

Ask any first-class outfitter to show you some "Viyella" Shirts and Pyjamas. It is not until you actually see and handle "Viyella" that you appreciate its superior quality.

Hollins DAY & NIGHT WEAR

SHIRTS FROM 19/6.
If any difficulty in procuring genuine "Viyella" garments, please write for free and non-returnable patterns and address of suitable shirt-maker.

*William Hollins and Co., Ltd. (Estd. 1784), Spinners and Manufacturers 24, 25 & 26, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.*

*Absolutely Unique in their Qualities.*

**STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES**

*No. 555. Virginia.*

Sole Manufacturers:
ARDATH TOBACCO CO., Ltd., LONDON.

*Turkish. No. 444.*

# The Danger of Wrong Massage

*Saving pennies when youth and beauty are at stake—*

One of the most damaging things to the complexion of a woman over 30 is incorrect massage—even with a good face cream. A second is the use of the wrong cream. A third the use of soap and water for cleansing. These three together can change a skin that to-day is reminiscent of a rose, in ten years time to a withered, worn, wrinkled and sallow skin.

Here is the proof. The skin is an organ; just as responsive as heart, lungs or liver. Normally it is of fine texture, satin-like and radiant. But after 30 only one skin in a thousand is normal. Why?

Soap and water—for many years the accepted cleansing medium—is the first reason. What is soap? Just a collection of oils, sometimes of doubtful quality—made alkaline by caustic soda or potash and hardened. If the water is warm enough and you rub hard enough, the lather produced from soap takes away the surface dirt.

But—thissame processalso takes away the **natural oil** from the skin, makes it very sensitive, and often keeps it in a state of constant **irritation.**

**Wrong Massage rubs wrinkles in.** **Phyllis Earle Massage smooths them out.**

Visual proof of this fact may be seen by everybody at any English sea-side resort, during the holiday months. Most of the women—75 per cent of them—have ugly cases of sun-burn; others go through exactly the same amount of exposure with the skin barely reddened—if at all changed.

The latter—through the use of a scientific cleansing and protective method — have avoided weeks of discomfort. The former, and unfortunately larger number, had discomfort, not only have but have positively injured the texture of the skin.

Again, in very cold weather, a cleansing cream and a protective cream applied with the **proper manipulation** will always avoid that shrivelled, wrinkled look which makes people look so much older and which comes from the use of soap

The average cream, however, does not cleanse. It clogs the pores because it is not manufactured in a manner that causes it to penetrate and extract the hidden dirt. Phyllis Earle cream does really cleanse.

But it must be applied to the face with the proper manipulations. Nine women out of ten are using the wrong manipulations. Instead of rubbing lines OUT they are rubbing them IN. Massage is not by any means the simple or harmless process that some people imagine it to be. Massage performed by somebody who is not an expert—who has not studied the sciences of the muscles and nerves—can place more wrinkles on a face than Nature would bestow in her most careless mood. Massage performed at home has to be done with the utmost caution. To be effective massage must be gentle, firm, regular—in a manner indicated in the Phyllis Earle Home Massage Chart.

The **right** creams are another consideration. For example, if your skin is oily Astringent cream is needed, if dry, Tissue Cream, and so on. It is quite impossible to make one cream that will meet all skin requirements. Many women have failed to obtain results because they were told that such and such a cream worked miracles. No one cream can work miracles. To succeed a cream must be scientifically compounded for a particular skin condition and applied with the correct manipulations, Phyllis Earle Creams are so compounded, and we show you how to scientifically apply them.

Many women boast that they use no beauty aids at all—and their appearance frequently proves it. After 30 years of age—as has already been stated—EVERY skin needs care. The more delicate the complexion, the more care it needs. But where can that care be had? Your Medical man can help you in all cases of ABNORMAL disorders, but such as coarse pores, flabby skin, shiny nose, wrinkles, sagging muscles, and the hundred and one other disorders of the normal skin are not within his province. We—The Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté—can help you. We are a woman's organisation trained to care for NORMAL disorders of the skin in a wholesome, quick and beneficial fashion. We are the first organisation possessing scientific qualifications, and we give, through our science, not merely a slight improvement, that you must look very closely to see, but a beautiful velvety skin that is of fine texture and healthy. In other words a complexion that requires no make-up.

To every woman over 30 an occasional Phyllis Earle treatment is an absolute necessity. A cared for skin never looks old. The treatments are all moderately priced and may be obtained at the London Institute, or from the provincial depots given in above List. Decide to investigate this service to-day. You know yourself the truths of what has been said on the subject of soap, wrong massage, and wrong creams. Our attitude on all other matters is just as logical. See what the Phyllis Earle Organisation will do. It will be a pleasant task and can undoubtedly bring you a great deal of happiness.

***Read these unsolicited testimonials.***

**CALCUTTA.**

Dear Madame Earle,
How I wish you were here in Calcutta where there would be every chance of coming to see you regularly instead of writing. Your treatment shows up better here than it did in town I think. Anyway I look ever so much better and feel flattered the nice things people say!
Yours truly,

**BRIGHTON**

Dear Madam,
I am coming up to town on Friday the 23rd and should like to have a treatment that afternoon. I had a course of treatments last June for Acne and broken veins, and I could not tell you how much better my skin has been for them all this summer. I shall want some more treatments after Christmas but I thought I should like one before.
Yours truly,

***Where RIGHT Massage can be had.***

**BELFAST—** Wm. Hoffman, 47, High Street.
**BIRMINGHAM—** W. J. Greatrex 2, Victoria Place.
**BRADFORD—** Albert Fasnacht, 15, North Parade.
**YORK—** Swallow & Barry, 26, Stonegate.
**HULL—** Swallow & Barry, 24, George Street.
**NORWICH—** Madame Pfob, 2, Royal Arcade.
**GLASGOW—** Mary London, 7, Sandyford Place, Sauchiehall Street.
**GLASGOW—** H. Sheldon Bamber, Charing Cross Mans.

*Qualified Phyllis Earle operators at all above centres*

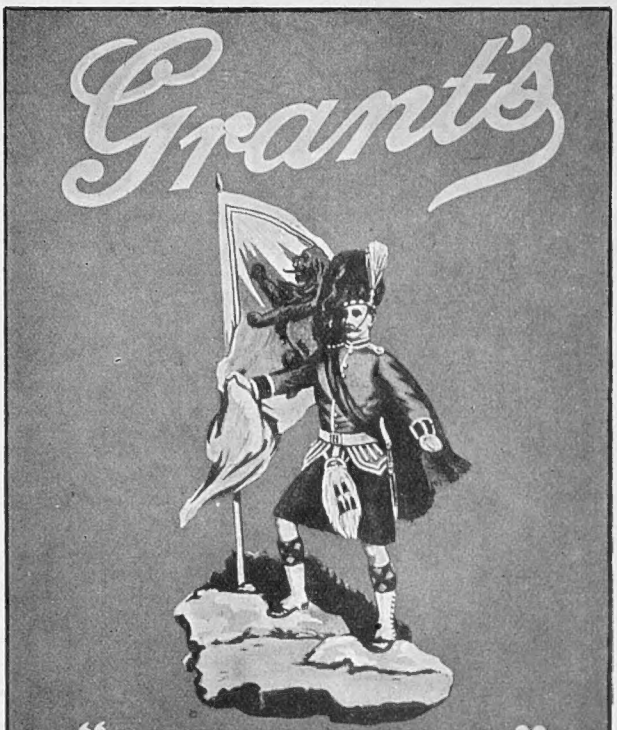
## The Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté

**15, North Audley St., London, W. 1.**

*(Three minutes from Bond St.)*

*Send 2d. stamp for Presentation Copy, Art Booklet No. 47*

**Telephone: Mayfair 3046-7.**




**WM. GRANT & SONS Ltd., *Distillers and Government Contractors.***
Sole Proprietors—The Glenfiddich and Balvenie Glenlivet Distilleries
ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO 16 CARLTON PLACE, GLASGOW
**London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch: Messrs. HEDGES & BUTLER, Ltd.,**
WINE MERCHANTS TO H.M. THE KING, 155 REGENT STREET, W.1.

# Nettoyage à Sec

**By Post**

## REDUCED PRICES

Owing to the increased price of all fabrics, **DRY CLEANING** is now a necessary economy. Our process is unexcelled, and the prices are:—

**BLOUSES.. .. 2s.**
**DRESSES.. .. 6s.**
**COSTUMES .. 6s. 6d.**
**GENTS.' SUITS, 6s. 6d.**

**Parcels returned very quickly.**

Postage paid one way.

**BRAND & MOLLISON, LTD.,**
**City of Glasgow Dyeworks.**
**MARYHILL, GLASGOW.**

## Keep this in the House

A boon when the unexpected guest arrives or when a hot nourishing meal is required quickly. Simply heat for a few minutes before serving.

***Delicious for lunch, dinner or supper.***

**ASK YOUR GROCER FOR A TIN TO-DAY.**

**PAYSANDU READY COOKED OX TAILS**

# Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

*Cosy Undergarments made of the New Cobwebbed Knitted Gauze Wool.*

*Cobweb Gauze Wool Cami-Knickers of extremely pretty design, with opera shape top and wide short legs (as sketch). In White, Pink, Sky, Lemon or Black.*
*Per Pair* 28/9

*Also in same design and colours. Vests chemise length and opera top.*
*Each* 15/9

*Knickers to match with ribbon threaded through side terminating at edge with bow.*
*Per Pair* 19/9

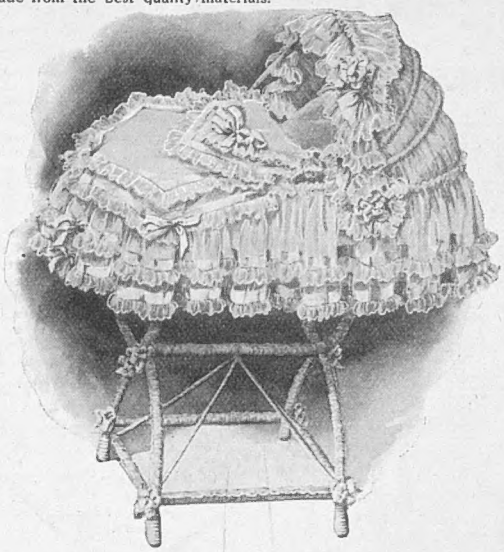
*Also Princess Petticoats in same design in White, Pink, Blue or Black.*
*Each* 33/9

*Outsize, 34/9 each.*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

# INFANTS' LAYETTES.

We have always in stock a wonderful variety of Infants' Garments, Cots and Baskets, all of which are our own exclusive designs, and are made from the best quality materials.



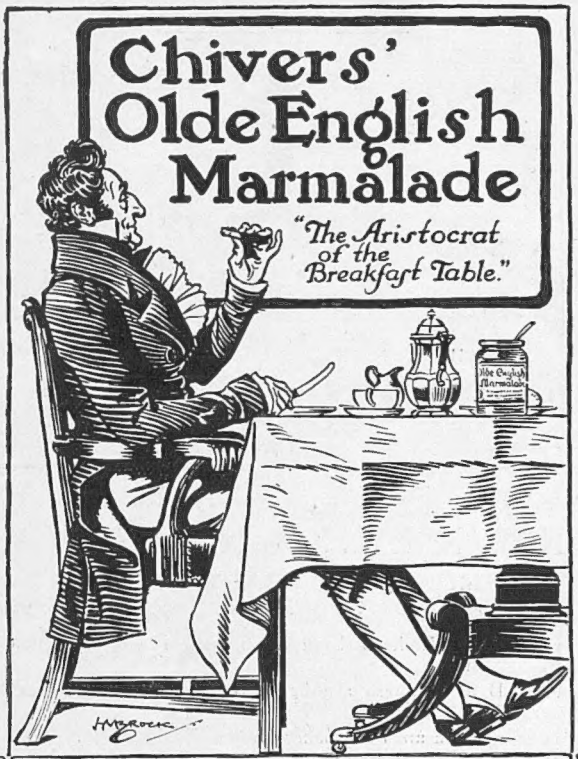
Moses Cradle on Wicker Stand (as sketch), daintily trimmed fine ivory net over pale pink silk, the frills picot edge, and bows of satin ribbon.

PRICE **12½ Gns.**

This model can also be trimmed ivory or pale blue.
Hair Mattress to fit same .. .. .. .. .. **15/9**
Down Pillow to fit same .. .. .. .. .. **12/9**
Standard Wicker Basket, daintily trimmed to match .. **7½ Gns.**

*DEBENHAM & FREEBODY,*
*(Debenhams Ltd.)*
*Wigmore Street (Cavendish Square), London, W.1*

# Chivers' Olde English Marmalade



*"The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table."*

Prepared by a special process preserving the valuable tonic properties & full natural flavour of the Seville Orange.

**Chivers & Sons Ltd.** *The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge, Eng.*
*Purveyors By Appointment to H.M. King George V.*

ATTRACTIVE
# GOWNS
FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR.

BECOMING FROCK, with simple bodice of satin and well-cut skirt of same with frills of gabardine. In Navy, Nigger and Black.

PRICE
**6 Guineas.**

NOTE.—*The Frock illustrated will be found in our Inexpensive Department adjoining our Model Gown Section on the First Floor.*

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

# Escort Umbrellas

## PROTECT YOURSELF WITH AN ESCORT.

NOT only will an Escort Umbrella protect you from the weather, but also from the annoyances that arise from inferior manufacture. ESCORT Umbrellas are good in every part. Their high standard of quality means that they can be depended upon for long and satisfactory service. They are manufactured from high grade materials throughout, including Fox's Frames, and every Escort Umbrella is thoroughly tested before it leaves the factory. Is it to be wondered, then, that Escort Umbrellas have secured a sound reputation for reliability? Let your next Umbrella be an Escort and enjoy the wealth of satisfaction its dependability provides. Look for the red seal when purchasing. It is the "Escort" Trade Mark and guarantee.

**ESCORT UMBRELLAS**

Obtainable from Drapers, Stores, Outfitters and Dealers everywhere.

Escort

*If unable to obtain, write Manufacturers: Escort Umbrellas, 8 & 9, Paddington St., London, W.1., for name of nearest dealer.*



GUSSETTED
# GOLFING SHIRT

THIS smart sports Shirt has been specially designed with gussets at the top of the arms to give that freedom so essential for Golfing, Tennis and other Sports.

New GOLFING SHIRT (as sketch) with gusset arm hole to allow freedom for the swing, made in good quality schappe crepe, adaptable collar to wear high or low.

Also in good quality jap silk.

PRICE

**29/6**

Sizes 13 to 14½. Outsize 2/- extra.

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1



# Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

*NEW MODEL FROCK FOR EARLY SPRING*

*Knitted Woollen Dress (as sketch), an entirely new model made of pure wool with contrasting stripes of artificial silk. A most useful and attractive design. Made in a wide range of new season's colours. Suitable for indoor or outdoor wear.*

*PRICE*

*5½ Gns.*

*Girl's Tan Goatskin Oxford Shoe, medium toe, square heel. Suitable for hard wear.*

*PRICE* **21/9**

*HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.*



# GERBERA

As fragrant as an old-world flower garden after a summer shower.

*Perfume - - - 8/- per bottle*
*Powder - - - 3/11 per box*
*Soap - - - 2/3 per tablet*

Of all Perfumers, Drapers and Stores.

**L·T·PIVER** *PARIS*


# DAILY GRAPHIC FREE MEAL AND RELIEF FUND

## FOR UNEMPLOYED EX-SERVICE MEN AND THEIR FAMILIES AND OTHER NECESSITOUS POOR

Free Meal Kitchens have been established in London's Distressed Areas.

Free Daily Dinners are being supplied Free of Cost to Hungry People.

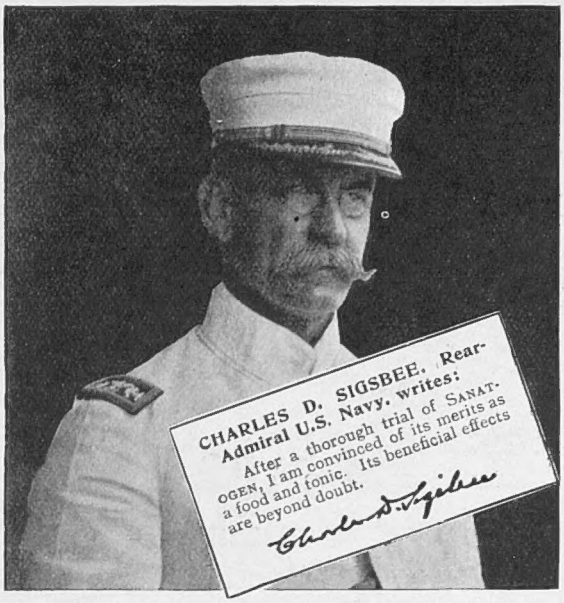
Tens of Thousands are being Helped in this Way.

Threatened Homes are being Saved, Relief Parcels Distributed, the Aged and Sick cared for.

Voluntary Workers, no Rates, Rent or Overhead Charges on the Fund.

A £5 Donation means 400 Free Meals for the Deserving Poor.

*All Contributions should be addressed to the Relief Editor, "Daily Graphic," Tallis Street, E.C.4, and will be acknowledged in the "Daily Graphic."*




YOU SHOULD TRY

# SANATOGEN

*(The True Tonic Food)*

*—especially after Influenza*

READ the above statement by Rear-Admiral Sigsbee: then give Sanatogen a thorough trial. Like him, you will be convinced beyond doubt of Sanatogen's merits as a food and tonic—merits which make it the ideal restorative against the after-effects of Influenza.

***Mr. Ben Davies, the famous singer, writes :***

**"I was advised to take Sanatogen when feeling run-down after Influenza. The effect was simply wonderful; my strength and energy soon returned, and I now feel as fit as ever."**

***Rev. R. Brook Lander (Bishop of the Free Church of England), Christ Church House, Teddington, writes :***

**"I have derived great benefit from Sanatogen after Influenza. I have recommended it to several friends."**

Determine *now* to try Sanatogen. Get a supply at your Chemists *to-day*—prices from **2/3** to **10/9** per tin. Take two teaspoonsful three times a day for a few weeks, and you will speedily overcome the "lowering effects" produced by Influenza.

GENATOSAN, LIMITED,
**Makers of FORMAMINT, GENASPRIN, etc.**
**Loughborough, Leicestershire**
**(Late of 12 Chenies Street, London, W.C. 1.)**

*WONDERFUL VALUE IN*
*SILK GEORGETTE CAMI - KNICKERS*

This attractive garment is an exact copy of a recent Paris model, and is made entirely by hand by our own workers from pure silk georgette, and is suitable for Day or Evening Wear.

**CAMI - KNICKERS** (as sketch) in pure silk georgette, with dainty kilted skirt, finished with hand veining and points edged with fine lace. In Pink, Yellow, Sky, Ivory, Mauve, and Black.

PRICE **39/6**

In rich quality crepe de Chine, **39/6**

Dainty Lace Boudoir Cap, **25/9**

*Sent on approval.*

**Debenham & Freebody**
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London W.

*"I was grey"*

Demonstrations in London are attracting great scientific and public attention. A Paris physician-scientist (a distinguished member of the Paris Faculty) has discovered a simple method of restoring the lost colour inside each and every grey hair upon the head.

Among the many who have had their hair restored by the "Inecto" process is a well-known Royal Princess who writes: "'Inecto' has given me the greatest satisfaction." Every high-class hairdresser in Europe has given up all other methods in favour of "Inecto-Rapid." By means of a new test the process can be used even on delicate skins.

BYSTANDER readers are invited to call at the London Salons and see living proof of the truly wonderful "Inecto-Rapid" triumph over greyness. Readers at a distance should write for illustrated booklet, explaining how this valuable process and test can be carried out in the privacy of one's own home or room. Ask for booklet No. 47, enclose 2d. in stamps to cover return postage, etc., and state if for lady or gentleman. Write at once to Demonstration Salons, Dept. B.S., 15, North Audley Street, London, W. 1.

**INECTO RAPID**

'PRESIDENT' SOLES.
per pair.
Men's ... ... 3/-
Ladies' ... ... 2/-
Small Children's 1/3

'PRESIDENT' HEELS.
per pair.
Ladies' 9d. and 1/-
Men's 1/3 and 1/6
FIXING EXTRA.

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.

*The Soles and Heels may be had separately*

*"Wonderfully Light and Durable."*

# Phillips 'President'

## LIGHT RUBBER SOLE

¶ For attachment to light or medium weight shoes. Easily and securely fixed to even a feather-weight pump sole, *new or worn.*

¶ The 'PRESIDENT' Sole is extremely light and very comfortable. Adds enormously to the durability of your shoes.

***Absolutely Invisible in wear.***

*If any difficulty in obtaining, please send your Bootmaker's name and address to Phillips' Patents, Ltd. (Dept. S), 142-146, Old Street, London, E.C 1.*

*Easily Fixed. Perfectly Secure.*

90



**Combined Maternity and Abdominal Belt.**

The Belt is woven so as to fit perfectly **under the abdomen,** and so gives the necessary support. There are no facings, bones or buckles. Easily adjusted to every figure as necessity arises. Washable. Weight only 4 oz. An ideal belt for use after abdominal operations and during pregnancy.

Price, post-free, **12/6**

## E. & R. GARROULD,

**Government and Hospital Contractors,**
**150 to 162, Edgware Road, London, W. 2.**



O'COAT 40/-; SUIT 50/-; LADY'S COSTUME 55/-

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and guaranteed "Just like New" by the Original and Leading Turn Clothes Tailors.
*Send along at once.* Carriage Paid One Way.
**WALTER CURRALL & CO. 6, Broadway, Ludgate Hill**
(Near "Times" Offices.) *'Phone: Central 1816.*
*Established 1903.* Please mention *The Bystander.*



For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

# Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.

*J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.*



**Franco-British Exhibon 1908: GOLD MEDAL**

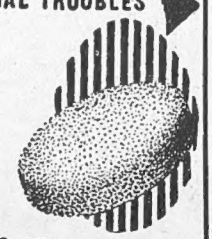
Try this chocolate covered Fruit Lozenge

For

# CONSTIPATION

**GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES**

# TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON



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**67, Southwark Bridge Road, LONDON, S. E. 1.**



**NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., LTD.**
THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD.
*Telegrams:* Estab. 1793. *Telephone: No 2200.*
*"NEWTON, SHEFFIELD"* *(Two lines).*

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This Boiler is very suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

| | Size of Boiler | To Heat 4in. Pipe | Tapping | Diam. of Smoke Pipe | Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1 | 12in. x 8in. | 40ft. | 1in. | 4in. | £3 11 0 |
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| " 6 | 16in x 24in | 200ft. | 1¼in. | 5in. | £15 12 6 |
| " 7 | 16in. x 30in. | 240ft. | 1¼in | 5in. | £18 15 4 |

| GREENHOUSE | ft. in. ft. in. ft. in. | GARAGE | ft. in. ft. in. ft. in. |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1 Boiler, | 11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0 | No. 1 Boiler, | 20 0 x 20 0 x 10 0 |
| " 2 " | 11 0 x 16 0 x 8 0 | " 2 " | 25 0 x 25 0 x 10 0 |
| " 2 " | 11 0 x 21 0 x 8 0 | " 3 " | 28 0 x 28 0 x 10 0 |

Or same cubical contents.



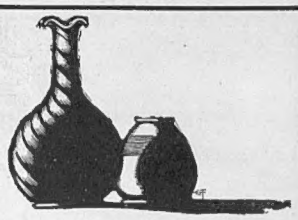
# DAILY GRAPHIC

*The Premier Illustrated Daily Journal*

BEST NEWS
BEST PICTURES

*PRICE - ONE PENNY*





# Genuine Sale

## ALL PRICES REDUCED

**February 6th to 18th.**

This is our first Sale since 1915 and we are making genuine reductions throughout the whole of our regular stock of Dinner, Tea, Breakfast and Toilet Services, also our large selection of Table Glass, Vases, Figures and Ornamental Pieces.

# China & Glass

**BOTH USEFUL & ORNAMENTAL**

**Reductions up to 50%**

For 160 years this firm has been well known for the Reliable Quality of all its goods, and every article in this Sale is of the same high standard of Excellence and Good Taste.

This is a splendid opportunity to replenish China and Glass at Exceptional Prices.

**Goods stored free of charge if desired.**

## Alfred B. Pearce & Co.

**Estab. 1760.**
**39, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4.**



# Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer, but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, and other lung troubles. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.*

## POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is quite safe to use. It contains no opiates, and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for **1/6,** or post free **1/9,** from **Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.**

A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, together with little book, "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent if you enclose 2d. stamp and

**Sign this Form to-day**
and post to the above address.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....
"Bystander."

BY APPOINTMENT SINCE 1848

# John Begg's

BLUE CAP
SCOTCH WHISKY

PROPRIETORS OF
The
ROYAL LOCHNAGAR DISTILLERY
BALMORAL
SCOTLAND

*All the Royal Palaces supplied for over SEVENTY years*

***"La Naturelle"*** *Transformations*
*The Symbol of Perfection*
*Always noticed but* **never** *detected.*
*TOUPET, from* **5** *Gns.*
*FULL TRANSFORMATION from* **12** *Gns.*
*(The "Times" system of instalments is available.)*
Write for Catalogue de Luxe, post free, send for appro. selection or call and interview M. Georges.

Maison Georges
40. BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON S.W.1
*The House with the unrivalled reputation for exclusive Hair Work Productions.*

NEW HATS
FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR

*PRETTY PULL-ON HAT of fine pedal straw with roll edge, trimmed faille ribbon. In many good colours.*

*PRICE* 69/6

*MARSHALL & SNELGROVE,*
*Vere St. & Oxford St.*
*LONDON, W.1.*

*NEW SLEEVELESS RICH CHIFFON TAFFETA TEA FROCKS*

This charming Tea Frock is a copy of a recent French model, and is made by our own workers from rich chiffon taffeta, and is specially suitable for young ladies.

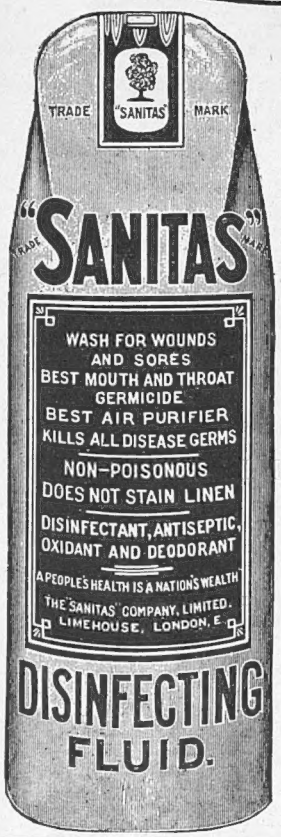
**GRACEFUL TEA FROCK** (as sketch) in rich quality chiffon taffeta, cut on simple lines, with artistic hand-made taffeta roses and leaves, skirt finished with scallops at each side. In a variety of colours.

PRICE
**5½ Gns.**

*Sent on approval.*

**Debenham & Freebody**
(DEBENHAM, LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

"SANITAS"




*v.*

# INFLUENZA

1. Use "SANITAS FLUID" (1 part to 3 parts warm water) as a gargle and mouth and tooth wash, morning and night.
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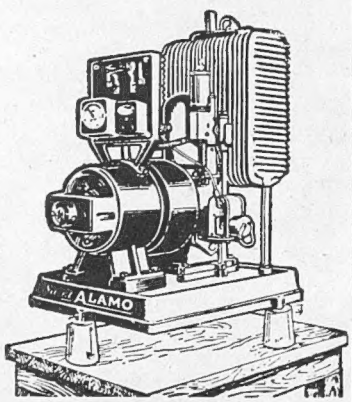


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The Bystander, February 1, 1922

No. 948. Vol. LXXIII.

# The BYSTANDER

BY E. T. REED

## "THE GLUE BOY" WHO STICKS

*(Gains-boroughs—and counties too)*

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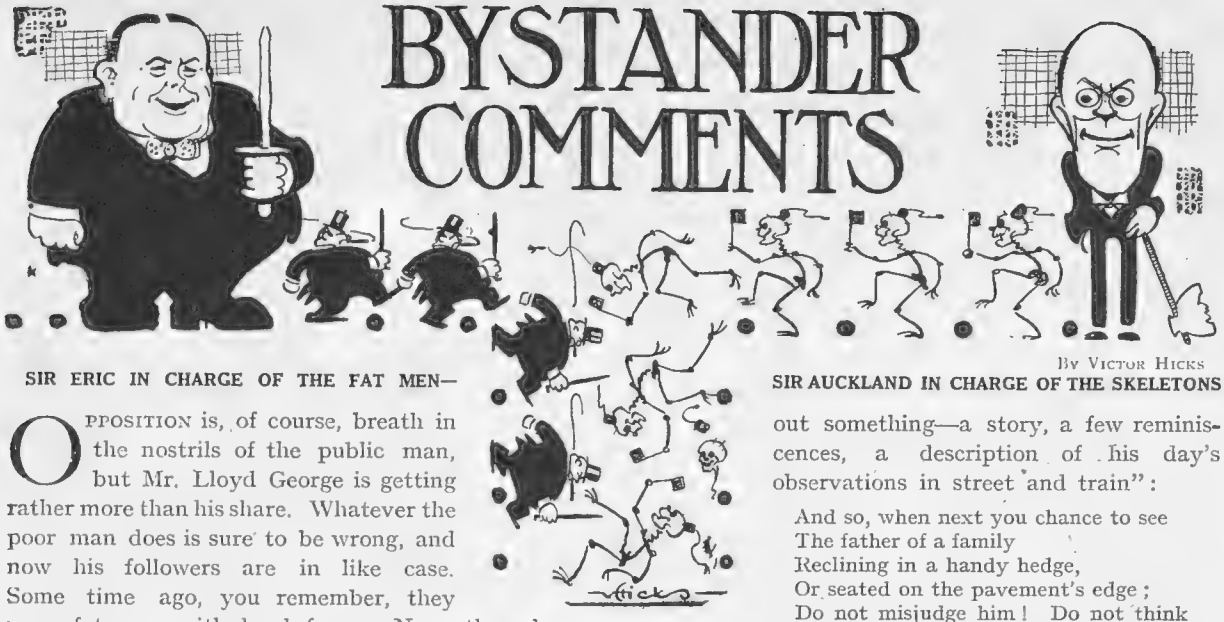
# BYSTANDER COMMENTS



By Victor Hicks

SIR ERIC IN CHARGE OF THE FAT MEN— SIR AUCKLAND IN CHARGE OF THE SKELETONS

OPPOSITION is, of course, breath in the nostrils of the public man, but Mr. Lloyd George is getting rather more than his share. Whatever the poor man does is sure to be wrong, and now his followers are in like case. Some time ago, you remember, they were fat men with hard faces. Now, they have become members of a "skeleton army" with, I suppose, no faces to speak of. If this sort of thing goes on, they will have to be split up into platoons with Sir Eric in charge of the fat men and Sir Auckland in charge of the skeletons.

### At New Drury

IT is very right and proper that Herman Finck should occupy the conductor's chair of New Drury, for he is a public character, quite apart from his music, and that is what the National Theatre requires. Finck is one of the wittiest men in London, and was featured at the Empire long ago in the following verse:

> I come from the Palace,
> My name it is Finck.
> I wrote "In the Shadows,"
> So stand me a drink.

### Look in Her Eyes!

THE doctors are always being taught their business, and now they are informed that it is so much waste of time to look at a tongue or feel a patient's pulse. Instead, the really up-to-date physician will treat the eye as the index to disease, and if the patient has been playing second fiddle at an Albert Hall boxing match, the answer will be written rather more plainly than the doctor's prescription. The same rule might apply to love sickness, but in cases of housemaid's knee and chauffeur's fracture I fancy they will look in the old places.

### Telling the Tale

THE truth is out at last! Half the unhappiness of married life is due to the fact that husbands do not take sufficient pains to entertain their wives when they get home from the City. "The happiest marriage I know," writes an observant philosopher from Maida Vale, "is one in which the husband devotes a part of his leisure during the day to thinking out something—a story, a few reminiscences, a description of his day's observations in street and train":

> And so, when next you chance to see
> The father of a family
> Reclining in a handy hedge,
> Or seated on the pavement's edge;
> Do not misjudge him! Do not think
> That he has had too much to drink.
> Not so! He merely racks his brain
> For tales with which to entertain
> His wife when he gets home again.

### Comedy à la Carte

WHEN André Charlot saw a lot of managers rushing into print over the so-called theatrical slump, he fixed his tongue firmly in his cheek and suggested that the charge for admission should be based on a sliding scale by which the public would be asked to pay just what

By D. L. Ghilchik

THIS DIVORCE HABIT'S CATCHING!

*BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)*

a particular show was worth, and no more. Can't you imagine a manager advertising his show as the cheapest in London—and giving reasons?

"In days gone by," the actor said,
"Our charge was firm and flat.
We asked a guinea for a stall,
But now we've changed all that.
We asked a guinea for a stall,
When we had got the stuff;
To-day we're charging two and six—
You'll find it *quite* enough!"

### When it is Dark

THINK of Epping without the trees! Think of Brighton without Harry Preston—and double it! Down in Wales they are complaining that the cinemas encourage kissing, and they want to take some of the beautiful darkness away and throw it down a coal mine. Whereas, the real trouble is that the really light-proof picture-house has yet to be invented. The only trouble that most people have to find with cinemas is that the managers will persist in showing pictures in them—thereby wasting valuable time.

Wash out your movie actor
And all his gallant deeds.
Wash out those comic captions
That no one ever reads.
Wash out their follies and their fights,
But, best of all, wash out the lights!

### What Will the Wee-Frees Say?

I CAN'T imagine what the Wee-Frees will say when they learn that Mr. Asquith has been betting. Don't jump at the conclusion that he has fallen a victim to the Put-and-Take craze, or shared a ticket in the Golden Ballot with Winston Churchill. Mr. Asquith had a bet that there would be no election just now, and I hope he will spend the money in a bottle of beer for Sir George Younger.

By Fred Buchanan

"KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING"

"Just a few chips would be better than nothing to keep the fire going"

### A New Public School?

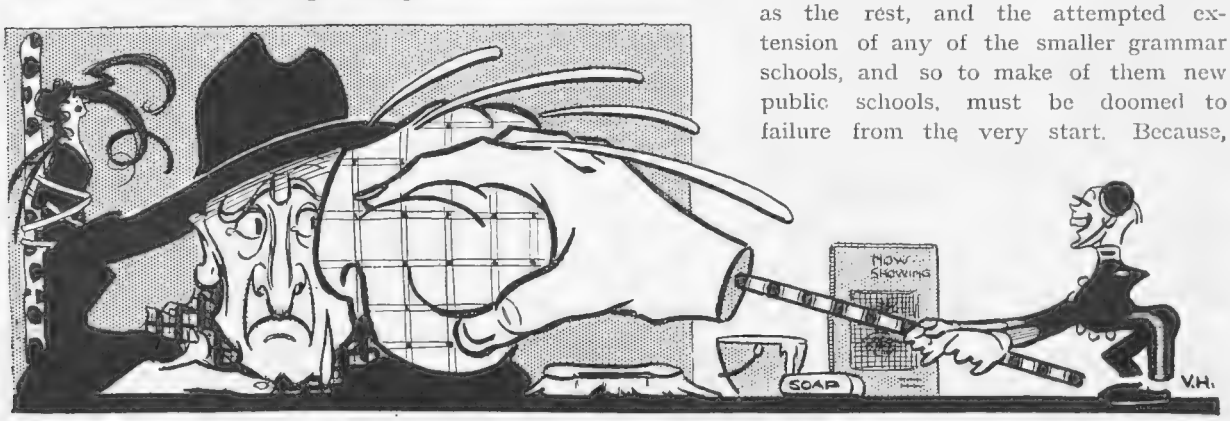
THE foundation, in the near future, of a new public school has, I see, been recommended by the Headmaster of Marlborough as the only way out of the difficulty created by present-day congestion. As everybody knows, all the schools are full, many booked up for several years ahead. Families, accustomed by tradition to send their sons to Eton, Winchester, Rugby, and Marlborough, continue to do so. War-won wealth, laudably wishing to establish a tradition, follows suit. Hence the difficulty. But then, of course, it's a bad time to talk of new schools, public or otherwise. Endowments are so expensive. It's not as if one could even obtain a Headmaster for £10 a year (as the authorities of St. Paul's did in that school's early days!).

### An "Unimaginative" Suggestion

BUT whatever the expense entailed in the endowment of a brand-new public school, I cannot see eye-to-eye with Dr. Cyril Norwood's critics, who suggest that instead of founding new schools certain grammar schools should be extended to meet the deficiency. There are a few of these schools, mainly educating day-boys, of which St. Paul's, Bedford, Merchant Taylors' are typical examples, which do maintain honoured positions among British public schools.

### The Despised Day-School

BUT normally anyone who speaks of a "public school" means thereby a "boarding school." The schools referred to, however, are as crowded as the rest, and the attempted extension of any of the smaller grammar schools, and so to make of them new public schools, must be doomed to failure from the very start. Because,




WASH OUT YOUR MOVIE ACTOR

By Victor Hicks

By Wilmot Lunt

## TOWARDS THE SETTING SUN

"North" and "South" will *together* see to it that ex-President de Valera continues to "go West"

snobbish, indefensible as it may be, the day-school, except of the very large kind—and even of that in some quarters—does tend to be despised, more particularly by the would-be "public school" class.

### Too Many Encores

Once again the cry "Save us from our friends!" is going up from the Princes Theatre, where devotees of Gilbert and Sullivan opera have been making themselves ridiculous in the matter of indiscriminate encores. The fault does not lie with your genuine enthusiast, but rather with the half-baked fanatic who cannot discriminate between what is good from what is very good indeed. The point is a very sore one with the management who have tried on several occasions to discipline these wild women from the outer west, but the attempts have always ended in failure. Is it too much to hope that good sense and good manners will prevail before the close of the present season? Echo answers——?

*Photograph* *Yevonde*

**ENGAGED TO THE EARL OF ELTHAM—MISS DOROTHY HASTINGS**

*Photograph* *Bassano*

**VISCOUNT SANDON'S FIANCÉE—THE HON. HELENA COVENTRY**

*Photograph* *H. Walter Barnett*

**MISS CYNTHIA AINSLIE—ENGAGED TO THE HON. JOHN H. BRUCE**

**Miss Dorothy Hastings, whose engagement is announced to the Earl of Eltham, eldest son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Cambridge, is a daughter of the Hon. Osmond Hastings and a niece of the Earl of Huntingdon. Viscount Sandon's bride-to-be, the Hon. Helena Coventry, is the elder daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Deerhurst and a granddaughter of the Earl of Coventry. Viscount Sandon is the only son of the Earl and Countess of Harrowby. Miss Cynthia Grant Duff Ainslie, whose engagement was announced recently to the second son of Lord and Lady Aberdare (the Hon. John H. Bruce), is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie, of Delgaty Castle, Aberdeenshire**

# Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

## A Fairy Story

All the world with its grandmothers and maiden aunts is talking of a great and wonderful party that, they say, is to take place at Buckingham Palace on the night before Princess Mary's wedding. To listen to these folk you would believe that a species of Court *in excelsis* is to be held, but you can take your Bystander's word for it that nothing of the kind will happen.

In most families the bride's parents give a dinner-party on the night before the wedding, to which the principal relatives on both sides are invited. I think you will see that precisely the same thing will happen at Buckingham Palace on the eve of Shrove Tuesday, with the addition of the Royal and representative guests who are coming over for the ceremony. Naturally, it will be a very large gathering, but it will be entirely a family affair.

One wonders how such stories as this of a huge *omnium gatherum* party get about. A moment's reflection would show that domestically it would be impossible to have hundreds of people at the Palace—actually an evening Court—with all the heavy claims upon the Royal staff on the following day—wedding fusses, wedding breakfast, and a family dinner-party in the evening.

*Photograph* *E. O. Hoppé*

**THE COUNTESS OF DALKEITH**

**Who has just presented her husband, the eldest son of the 7th Duke of Buccleuch, with a daughter. She was formerly Miss "Mollie" Lascelles, the only daughter of the late Major William Frank Lascelles and Lady Sybil Lascelles**

## The Princess's Presents

There is likewise much speculation as to whether there will be a public exhibition of Princess Mary's wedding presents. Lady Patricia Ramsay's presents were shown privately at St. James's Palace to the invited elect—they numbered over a thousand. If a public exhibition of Princess Mary's presents could be arranged after the wedding it would be vastly popular. The King and Queen are always so understanding of the nation's wishes that I shouldn't be surprised to hear that such an exhibition had already been decided upon. I hear there may be a big afternoon party at the Palace to see the presents in the week before the wedding.

## A Theory of Divorce

People do get hold of some startling theories nowadays. It may be, of course, that the frankness with which every sort and kind of subject is discussed brings out all sorts of views and opinions which formerly had to be kept within the locked chamber of secrecy—especially by women.

A grey-haired woman the other evening threw a bombshell into the midst of what is still called a "quiet little dinner" by declaring that the increasing number of divorces made for morality rather than immorality! If you had never seen a Bishop blink you would have on that occasion, for the very pleasant, human, and understanding prelate, who was having one of his very few "evenings off," sat up and blinked prodigiously. He likewise gasped.

There was a polite murmur of dissent, but we all felt that the glove lay between the Lady and the Bishop; consequently, the argument was left to them. The Bishop's argument was the one we all know—any multiple of misery rather than divorce if you have been married in a church; divorce at pleasure if you have been married in a register office. But the Lady's astonishing statement!

She declared that when divorce was considered a social stigma hundreds of married couples, who either were ill-assorted or had grown tired of one another's tempers, went on living under the same roof simply as a blind to public opinion. In many instances both parties, as she put it, "were unfaithful to their marriage vows." Consequently, under the guise of "respectability," there was more hidden immorality than to-day when badly-matched couples can take advantage of the law by which the wife's reputation can be saved if the husband will consent to be the scapegoat.

"Both parties are free to marry again," concluded the Lady, "and instead of the old Victorian way of husbands having mistresses and wives having lovers with all the secrecies, deceptions, and petty meannesses of life together under these conditions, four people under the Georgian way have a reasonable chance of leading happy and faithful married lives. And if that isn't more moral than the old way, I should like to know what is!"

The Bishop was still blinking and gasping when we rose from the table.

*Photograph* *Central News*

**A MONARCHIST CANDIDATE FOR THE RUSSIAN THRONE**

**The Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovitch, who has been chosen by the Russian Monarchist Congress, now sitting in Belgrade, as a candidate for the Russian throne**

*Photograph* *T. Brittain*

**THE YOUNG EARL OF MACDUFF**

**At his father's, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Johannesburg residence, "Arcadia," which is the property of Sir Lionel and Lady Philips. The young Earl is seven years old, and this photograph was taken with his dogs in the garden of "Arcadia"**

## Mrs. Callander

THERE was nobody like Mrs. Callander — Mrs. Callander of Ardkinglas and Cramond, to give her the full territorial designation so dear to Scots folk. What are called women of the world rarely have hearts overflowing with kindness. Mrs. Callander was essentially a woman of the world; nobody ever had a kinder heart.

She attracted you first by her distinction, her handsomeness; then she held you by her vivid intelligence, her humour and her wit, and then—if she liked you—she touched you and made you captive by a thoughtfulness, a sympathy, and an interest that once given were never changed by time or circumstance.

She died at Edinburgh, after an operation, away from beautiful Cramond, where she gathered about her the most delightful parties. No woman ever had greater cause to be

*Photograph Farringdon Photo Co.*

**AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT**

**Lady (Kathleen) Scott, the widow of the famous Antarctic explorer, whose engagement to Lieut.-Commander Hilton Young, M.P., has aroused much interest**

sad, yet no woman was ever more cheerful.

Before she inherited Cramond from her father, Colonel Craigie-Halkett, Mrs. Callander lived in Ovington Square. You meet old diplomatists now who still talk of the brilliance of her parties, the perfection of her dinners. By her marriage to Mr. Callander of Ardkinglas she became the sister-in-law of Lady Archibald Campbell, and so aunt by marriage to the Duke of Argyll. To the end she kept to the long-waisted "tailor-mades" of the 'eighties, with a man's stiff-fronted shirt, high collar, sailor knot, and cuffs. Her death leaves a gap in the ranks of the great ladies, and deep sorrow amongst many friends.

### The Real Reason

AN ingenious acquaintance of mine has discovered the reason for the prevailing scantiness of feminine attire. Some guests, of whom he was one, were talking of the huge wardrobes, presses, and chests of drawers in the bedrooms of the house in which they were staying.

"In the days when these wardrobes were made the women must have been able to afford ten dresses to our one," a girl remarked, with more than a suspicion of envy in her voice.

"Oh, no, it is not a question of buying dresses," said my ingenious acquaintance. "It is a question of storing them. Directly flats were invented in London women began to wear shorter dresses, and as the flats have got smaller and smaller so women's gowns have gone upwards and upwards to the knees. Besides, the ladies of these wardrobes wore masses of petticoats. Where can a woman keep petticoats in a flat bedroom? Therefore, petticoats have practically disappeared. Your grandmother couldn't have hung one dress with all its under-accessories in the cupboard or wardrobe which would hold all your evening dresses in a flat or a small house. No, storage space is the hidden factor that decides woman's fashions." You can hold what opinion you choose about this, but, at any rate, you must grant its ingenuity.

**AT ST. MORITZ**

**Miss Pamela Bird, Mrs. Robert Bird (left), daughter-in-law of Sir Alfred Bird, Bart., the well-known M.P. for Wolverhampton, with Mrs. T. B. Browne and Miss Lloyd-Price, just leaving the International Skating display at St. Moritz**

### Oriental Fashions

SPEAKING of clothes, I read that "Candida," in *The Graphic*, is much impressed by the Oriental obsession in clothes these days. "Sometimes I do not see how we shall ever get away from it. It is so fascinating to dress up, for ordinary occasions, in what would have been considered a bold, bad (slightly improper, I mean) fancy dress about ten years ago.

"Brilliant colours, gorgeous sashes, flashing turbans, gold and silver tissues, sparkling lace, shower upon shower of iridescent jewels — that is the sort of thing that calls itself a handsome evening dress nowadays, though there are others. These others are very superior creations which make a show of a very *chic* and expensive simplicity."

### His Opinion

SHALL we ever come to the end of American ingenuity of phrase?

*Photograph Bassano, Ltd.*

**MISS ISABEL RUDSTON READ**

**The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rudston Read, of 17, Brook Green, W., to wed Mr. Robert Dudley Longyear, Vice-Consul of the United States of America at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Longyear, of Brookline, Massachusetts**

An American had been shown over King's College Chapel at Cambridge.

"What do you think of it?" he was asked.

This was the answer, "Waal! It's the cutest God-box I've ever seen!"

### "The Husband-Snatcher"

THERE is a most charming lady upon whom the fairies at her christening showered a double gift of fascination. So fascinating is she that various excursions into matrimony have not left the shadow of a shade upon her reputation. It is true that her dearest friend once said, I go to all dear ————'s weddings. I'm such an old friend, and I know she likes to feel that I am there. But amongst those who are not the lady's friends, and are, therefore, inclined to be censorious, she is known as "The Husband-Snatcher."

*Photograph* *C. Vandyk, Ltd.*

**THE WEDDING GROUP OF THE VAN DER BYL—ASTLEY JONES WEDDING**

**Major P. V. G. Van der Byl and Mrs. Astley Jones were married recently at Marylebone Church. Major Van der Byl was A.D.C. to Earl Haig on his South African tour, and was on the personal staff of Generals Botha and Smuts in the South African Campaign. Mrs. Astley Jones is a daughter of Colonel Fleming. From left to right (front row): Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Van der Byl, Lady Haig, Mrs. Shortt. Back row: Colonel Fleming, Major Van der Byl, Earl Haig, Right Hon. E. Shortt, Secretary of State for the Home Department**

The lady has a pretty taste in house-furnishing, and the times being doleful and taxes oppressive, she set up what is called "a little business." The announcement—sent out by the several hundredfold—was headed at the top left-hand corner in neat Roman capitals, "Houses Decorated."

One such notice came to a dame who felt she had no cause to love the fascinating decorator. She returned the notice. When the lady of the fascination opened the envelope she read beneath her neat Roman capitals, "Houses Decorated," ink capitals saying "Homes Wrecked."

The silly goose talked about it instead of holding her peace. That is how I heard it, and why the other woman scored.

**AN ALPINE HONEYMOON**

**Sir Howard and Lady Frank on their honeymoon at St. Moritz; their wedding took place at Chelsea about a fortnight ago. On the left is Mrs. Llewellyn Davies. Sir Howard Frank is the head of the firm of Knight, Frank and Rutley**

A FRIENDLY FOURSOME ON THE BEAUTIFUL MENTONE COURSE AT SOSPEL

Mrs. Crankshaw, Mrs. Moss, Mr. Ould, and Mr. Bowden Snell—not to mention the caddies

*Photographs*

MR. BOWDEN SNELL

*Sport and General*

SIR HENRY AND LADY HAWKES AT SOSPEL

The camera is as omnipresent on the Riviera as the sunshine, and the group in the top photograph were "stymied" by the photographer approaching the "fourth" on the Mentone course at Sospel. Mrs. Crankshaw, Mrs. Moss, Mr. Ould, and Mr. Bowden Snell are seen in the course of a "foursome." On the left is Mr. Bowden Snell, after playing his second shot to the fourth green (with much success, we hope). Sir Henry and Lady Hawkes are seen together on the right playing in the warm and invigorating sunshine. Sir Henry has had a distinguished career in the Indian Army

# The Riviera Week by Week

by Dunce-Scotus

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**A MONTE CARLO GROUP**

**Mme. de Crom, Marquis Cappelli, Mrs. V. L. Collins and Miss Dorothy Stout taking their morning "bain du soleil" on the Terrace at Monte Carlo**

No wonder people never know what they are going to do here. There are so many tempting invitations to "walk into my parlour" from the spiders to the Society flies who are beginning to swarm on the Riviera. The biggest spider and the most benevolent is, of course, Dr. Phœbus. Then nearly everyone makes the acquaintance of Lady Rosy Chance and Dame Fickle Fortune, at the Casinos, while many, tired of gambling on red and black, prefer to gambol on the golf greens for which, perhaps, *keeping their eye* on the roulette ball and *their stake*, is considered good training for glueing their eye on the disobedient golf ball. By the way, stakes seem no more private property than of yore. "*Madame, c'est à moi*" "*et hoc genus omne*," are, like the poor, always with us, and the old delightful game of grab is as popular as ever at the tables. Miss

*Photograph* *E. Navello*

**AFTER THE GAME**

**The La Festa courts this year at Monte Carlo have been more accessible, the gay town being less crowded. From left to right we picture: Mrs. Prettyman-Newman, Mme. Floresco, Mr. Prettyman-Newman and Miss Moss**

*Photograph* *E. Navello*

**LADY DE BATHE**

**The wife of the fifth Baronet, Sir Hugo Gerald de Bathe, walking on the terrace at Monte Carlo. Lady de Bathe, before her marriage, was the widow of Edward Langtry and a daughter of the Dean of Jersey**

*Photograph* *E. Navello*

**RECUPERATING FROM POLITICAL STRIFE**

**The Marquis and Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston opposite the Casino at Monte Carlo. Lord Curzon, of course, had of necessity to be on the Riviera in consequence of the Cannes Conference**

'*Première Danseuse*" and the ballets and the various Twinkle Toe Girls at the dancing *cafés* and hotels are very popular, too.

Members of the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo much enjoy the exclusive privilege of using the fine ball-room at the Parc Palace, where the Hawaian band makes it impossible not to dance, where Mr. Telling—the capable American director—and his courteous step teachers are so popular, and where the beauty of the houris and the splendour of the jewels recall the *Palais des Mille et une nuit*. There are dancing teas every afternoon, except Thursday and Sunday, from 4 to 6. On those days a ball between 9.30 and 11.30. On Wednesday nights the all-night balls in the Cannes concert room, which begin soon, are also a privilege of members.

Two days rain brought the golf into fine condition for the bogey handicap. Summer weather and picnics all over the plateau near the course. Out of twenty-one competitors Mr. Erikson (14) won with three up, and Mr. Wightman (6) was second with all square. Robert Grant playing with Mr. Brookes (6) of the National Golf Club, U.S.A., went round in 67. Neither he nor his brother, Arthur, beat that old record of Arthur. The third pro.—George Arnold from Le Touquet—is a fine player, too, and also served throughout the War. Among new members are Sir Cecil and Lady Tyrrell Beck, Mrs. Richardson, Comtesse de Mun and her daughter, Major Eric Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Hobson, Mr. and Mrs. Eaton of Toronto, Mr. Pintel, Mr. and Mrs. Atwell, Mr. Hillman (President of the Linwood Golf Club, Atlantic City), Sir Gerald and Lady Burke, Mr. and Mrs. James Barrington White, Mr. Boston Eyres Monsell, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Hosca Sparks Alton (U.S.A.), Mr. Edward Lee Talbot, the Marquis Edgardo de Angulo of Madrid, Major and Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. Petrie, Mr. T. D. Lingard, Sir Laurence and Lady Philipps

## *THE RIVIERA WEEK BY WEEK (concluded)*

from Cap Ferrat, Lady Westmacott, Mrs. Reg. Purbrick, Brig.-General Carleton, and Lady Watts.

*Photograph* *E. Navello*

**IN PLAY**

**The Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, a great tennis player and publicist, playing at Cannes**

THE last medal at Costabelle was won by Dr. Solomons with 91—24—67. Major Irwin was second with 91—18—73. Lord Emmott and Admiral Lord Wester Wemyss were unsuccessful competitors. The new greens are now open, and the course has much improved since the recent rains. Tennis matches between Hyères and Costabelle, mixed foursomes, and the Costabelle fancy ball (from all paper fantasies) made the week very pleasant, Admiral Wemyss as a daisy was a prize-winner. The Marquise de Beauvoir presented the handsome prizes. For the Hyères championship tournament, which began on the 30th (looked after, as usual, by Mr. G. M. Simond), a ball wound up the week with a *cotillon* and *Fête à Seville*. The Golf Hotel is pretty full, and should shortly be crammed.

MISS JEAN MACKINLEY (daughter of the late Mme. Antoinette Sterling) sings on February 3 at a concert at the Hotel Regina in aid of the valuable Menton Home of Rest, so well managed by Sister Goldie. Mlle. Alligro was a delightful Mousmé in *Mme. Butterfly* at the Casino.

*Photograph* *E. Navello*

**SIR NORCOT WARREN**

**And Mr. Simond, the director of the Cannes Tennis Courts, who referees most of the big tournaments on the Riviera. Sir Norcot is intimately connected with the Bank of Bengal**

THE Town Tennis Championships of Menton were played from January 23, and attracted most of the cracks on the Riviera. Dr. and Mrs. Briggs have arrived at the Winter Palace, Sir Alan Sykes at the Iles Britanniques, and Lady Yarrow, Sir Wishart Thomson, Mrs. Purbrick, Comtesse de la Moronière at the Imperial.

COLONEL and Mrs. Brinsley FitzGerald were staying with Lord and Lady Armaghdale at the Hermitage for a few days, but have now returned to Cannes. While here Lord French dined with his former secretary and *aide-de-camp*, Colonel Fitzgerald. The Duke of Connaught lunches most days at Ciro's. Madame Delbarre the other day, in the villa Menesina at Monte Carlo, gave a luncheon to the Duc and Duchess de la Chatre, Comtesse Gastaldi, Miss Bacon, Lord and Lady Mar, and Prince Mirza Khan. At the Paris were lunching together Vicomte and Vicomtesse de la Rodonte, the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Breteuil, and the Prince and Princess Murat, where also Lady Patricia Ramsay was lunching with her father before leaving for Paris to join her husband on their way to Brussels.

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**ON ONE OF THE GREENS ON THE CANNES COURSE**

**Mr. F Stern endeavours to "sink it" in one under the critical gaze of Mrs. Stern and Lady Markham**

# Invisible Scenes

*BY STAN TERRY*

MERRY LITTLE WIDOW: "Doesn't your wife object to your being seen so much with me?"
THE MAN: "Oh, no—it's the times when we're not seen she objects to!"

"Monsieur Le Comte" from across the frontier

In the paddock before the race

# At the Nice Races

MES AMIS—

OTHERS have told you, is it not, that the crisis which has come to happen has been the affair of the politics. They have said it has been because *les Français* have not wished the Pact, have had the abhorrence to sit down to the supper at Genoa with M. Lenin, have had the repulsion towards the idea to clink the glasses with the Herr Doktor Wirth. Have been made the most desperatest efforts to induce you to believe all this. And in the meanwhile the real culprit has been permitted to remain in the obscurity, undisturbed by the torrents of the abuse, because they have passed around him and left him high and dry, ready to begin again his dire deeds as soon as his camera shall discover the opportunity.

FOR the wretch it is a photographer, the photographer who has taken the picture of the little white golf ball which M. Briand had tried to hit in the spare time. I know well this photographer, who is not as it so happens *un Français*, but *un Anglais*. There is not anything that is able to stop him. Has been the famous occasion when he has fallen from the top of the great Sèvres vase on which he has climbed to obtain the best picture of the Peace Conference. Has that stopped him? No; one has heard the click of the slide, before the crash of the fall, and the photograph has appeared with the customary superiority on the morning after.

"The photographer who has taken the picture of the little white golf ball"

## THE TRAGEDY OF THE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARI

ONE has to confess to be a friend of this *rédacteur artistique*. It should be impossible to avoid the confession because he is the friend of everyone, *Français* and *Anglais*. But one has the grievance against him this time. Particularly must there be a grievance on the part of M. Briand. It is he who has reproduced with his relentless camera the terrible havoc which the *Président du Conseil* has made when he has clubbed up lumps of the fair French earth with the driver of Mr. Lloyd George. One has taxed him with the crime,

"The terrible Croquemitaine himself"

"Unplaced"

Fluffy

The man who spotted the winner

Watching the race

An Egyptian Mode

SKETCHES BY ROSE LE QUESNE

# LITTLE WHITE BALL

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

which, *bien entendu*, he is unable to deny, but for which he has offered the excuse that he has done it with the good intentions. He has added that he has operated in the interests of the history as well as of the actuality. "Think how much better it should have been," has he insisted, "should I have been within the range of focus when Sir Francis Drake has played his game of bowls on the Plymouth Hoe, and made the Armada to wait. One could not have possibly had the doubts about the truth of this if there had been my picture on the morning after. And so one has had the satisfaction to think that there shall exist none of the doubts in the minds of the posterity about the game of golf of M. Briand with Mr. Lloyd George."

VERY well would have been all this if the *photographe* had confined his *photographie* of the morning after to the newspapers of England, and not have passed it over to his *camarades* of the Paris Press. For thus has it come to be seen in almost every home of France, and particularly in the homes of the "best friends" of the Prime Minister, who could not possibly have expected such a gift in the way of an argument against the Conference of Cannes. They are the stern and the unbending men, the "best friends" of the Prime Minister. All the time have they before them the commandments about the what shall be done, and the what shall be not done, by these who are appointed to represent them in the *pourparlers* of the *Conseil Suprême*.

EVEN have they made the sacrifice of much of their leisure to watch that the representatives shall not depart from the grave looks and the

Jamais ça ne peut être permis. Qu'est-ce qu'en vont penser les contribuables"

## "THAT LITTLE WHITE GOLF BALL OF CANNES" (*concluded*)

solemn bearing which is incumbent for the momentous occasion. And abruptly, without the necessity to peer into the hidden mysteries, stares out before them from the paper of the morning after the terrible picture of the *Président du Conseil*, in his hand a golf club, for all the world as if he were the terrible Croquemitaine Lloyd George himself. *Ciel!* It cannot be! M. Briand who should have in his grasp a portfolio filled with documents and statistics! Clasping an implement of *le sport!* The Prime Minister a rival to Georges Carpentier and Suzanne Lenglen! *Mais jamais ça n'a été vu. Jamais ça ne peut être permis. Qu'est-ce qu'en vont penser les contribuables. C'est effrayant.*

And so the storm. And the first mariner to be shipwrecked *le pauvre* M. Briand, who has had the temerity to think that if Mr. Lloyd George has become the most finest diplomatist of Europe by the habit to play the golf, that it could, perhaps, be to the advantage of France if he shall take a little lesson from the *sorcier*. Stern publicists have related how they have been shocked to witness the *Président du Conseil* dabble with the affairs of the nations between *deux parties de golf*. They have employed a wealth of solemnity over a little white ball and a crooked stick which has been the amazement for us fervents of *le sport*, unaccustomed to be treated to other than the language of mock and scoff. We have felt that this ponderous verbosity has been rather overdone.

One has the sympathy with the leading article in *Le Temps*—(*Figurez-vous* a leading article in the grandfatherly *Le Temps* anent this terrible crime) — which has recalled the touchy state of French opinion. It has been emphasised that the hundreds of thousands of the French folk, overwrought by the prolonged sufferings of the War, has looked askance at the sport and jazz-band atmosphere of the Conference of Cannes. They have felt that the grave problem of the reparations should ought to be resolved in the atmosphere of the equal gravity. One is compelled to admit the accuracy of this. It is not the French habit to clear the mind for the serious labours by the relaxation over the sport.

"The dominoes are familiar to the habitués of the cafés"

And so the matter has been completely misunderstood. There should have been the entire difference could it have been another thing but golf, which is not understanded by more than a tiny handful of the nation. When M. Millerand has played his matches of dominoes in the intervals of the *Conseils Suprêmes* all has been well, because the dominoes are familiar to the *habitués* of the cafés. But *le golf* is as much an Anglo-Saxon mystery as the plum-pudding. M. Briand has been the first to realise this. He has accorded an interview to the journalists on the next day to declare that it is a futile business. He has talked of the "silly little white balls.' But it has been too late. The terriers of the Paris newspapers have been already on the bay. And the golfing Prime Minister has had to go. He will have the most bitter regrets that he has substituted for a moment the golf club for the fishing-rod, his favourite pastime which has not ever earned him the abuse. And he will have a grievance against the photographer who has pictured him into the pillory. *Vieux copain* Victor has a terrible thing to answer for.

ROLAND

### A GOLF COURSE 13,500 FT. UP

**Recently we published a photograph of a golf match at Gulmarg, Kashmir, India, under the impression that, being situated 8,500 ft. above sea-level, it was probably the highest in the world. A Bolivian reader, however, has just sent us this photograph of some members of La Paz (Bolivia) Golf Club, whose 18-hole course lies 13,500 ft. above sea-level**

*(Any other readers desirous of beating this record, and finding themselves playing on miniature "roofs of the world," will kindly verify all figures by the official local tape measure.—*ED.)

# The Ascent of Mount Everest

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

**Unsportsmanlike conduct of a competitor in the race for the peak**

# GOING ONE BETTER

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

*(With apologies to the Daily Press)*

## "THE BYSTANDER'S" NEW YEAR SENSATION!

### Our Readers' Happiness Assured.

### ACCIDENTS BECOME A POSITIVE PLEASURE

**We Enable You to Pay Your Rent With a Smile.**

From to-day, if you become a regular reader of The Bystander you will pay your rent up to any amount almost without a pang. *For example.* If you rent your house weekly, monthly, or quarterly and read The Bystander just before paying it, you won't care *what* you pay your landlord (any more than we do).

If you live with your parents or relatives and are in the habit of owing them a weekly sum, show them The Bystander instead, and they will probably forget that you owe them anything. Indeed, it is they who will owe *you* something.

If you own your house and read The Bystander regularly you will receive from us your annual laughable value.

#### A DAY IN YOUR LIFE

To show you how you will benefit by becoming a reader let us visualise the day of an average reader from the time he gets up till he goes to bed. Take the case of Mr. Jones. Should he, on coming down-stairs, trip over the cat and break an arm or (luckier still) both legs, he may very possibly be laid up for a day or two. For this we will send him a bound volume of The Bystander, and he will bless that cat instead of cursing it. The saving in boot leather and clean collars alone will enable him to pay the trifle we ask for this (practically) free gift.

By Victor Hicks

AN OUTLINE OF HISTORY

#### IN THE TRAIN

If he leaves home in safety and reaches the station without mishap, he is still assured of the pleasantest of journeys if he has the requisite 1*s.* on him and the bookstall is not sold out. If, on the other hand, he is killed by someone in the train, it will be his own fault for flaunting the paper in the face of a less fortunate fellow-passenger. But even in such a case we will refund him the 1*s.* on personal application. *No other paper does this.*

#### IN THE OFFICE

We will assume that Mr. Jones reaches his office in safety (though this is extremely unlikely, as readers of The Bystander become so absorbed that they never look where they are going), and here we must utter a note of warning. We can pay no attention to complaints from any source that the habit of reading The Bystander prevents an employee from following his ordinary occupation. We know it does. *We are constantly sacking our own staff for this very reason.*

#### AT LUNCH

In the middle of the day, if Mr. Jones takes The Bystander with him, he will be assured of immediate attention. Waitresses will tumble over each other to serve him in order to have a chance of peeping over his shoulder. We pay no compensation, however, to waitresses who tumble over each other.

#### IN THE HOME

Even married life—perhaps the greatest risk of all—has not been forgotten. If Mr. Jones is married he will be wise to take home every week *two* copies of The Bystander. He will thus ensure perfect harmony in the home, and avoid those distressing and unseemly squabbles which so often arise between husband and wife as to the possession of their favourite paper.

#### PLACE YOURSELF IN THE POSITION OF MR. JONES

Think out the various risks you run in *not* being a reader of The Bystander and

BECOME ONE NOW!

---

There are times when nothing but the occurrence of an earthquake to someone else can reconcile us to the tile that has fallen off our own roof.

* * *

The unkindest cut of death is that it heals so soon.

SOLD !

By Thomas Henry

MANAGER: "Good gracious! what's wrong?"
ASSISTANT: "It's that blessed artist, sir—went and took with the 'flu just before he drew the crowd in"

# "JACK." By Thomas Jay

PLEASANT it is in these sullen times to sit as we did the other night talking about dogs. I like talking about dogs, because, next to human beings, I love dogs the best, for there is magic about the heart of a dog, a magic that worms its way into the hearts of men.

And there is wizardry about the various styles of dogs, too, and I verily believe there is a fashion, for something has fashioned various dogs in a peculiar manner.

There is the wizardry of the dachshund, such a long-drawn-out creature, and it may well happen that one half of the dachshund does not know where the other half lives. The dachshund is such a low-down sort of dog that did he suffer with corns he would imagine he had the headache. But he is a one story, bungalow sort of dog and lovable, happy creature, let his appearance deny it heartily and, contrary to popular opinion, is not the German dog he is imagined to be.

Then there is the St. Bernard dog—a noble creature indeed, but needing always that proper setting of the Alps which cannot be managed in the limited space of the average garden at home.

And the Pomeranian—a little dog, but good. A cheeky dog, perhaps, for what he lacks in inches he makes up in cheek. And is that not a human trait? The Pomeranian is a very useful dog—I have heard it said that he makes a very excellent pen-wiper for the desk.

But it is of Jack I wish to write. Jack came into our lives some year gone now. Came with all the playful ways of puppyhood, and wormed his way into the affections of the household, yet, despite all his mistress says about him, however much I try to give my own opinion of Jack, his mistress and junior mistress will have none of it. And Jack should have known better, for he came of good family, that is, if I am to believe every word of the dog-dealer from whence he came. And who am I to lay doubt at the feet of a dog-dealer?

But Jack had a most excellent pedigree, which his mistress would recite to friends on the slightest provocation, yet I cannot help thinking that Jack came to us under false pretences.

Thelma, who is junior Baroness at my home, and who on state occasions consents to be daughter, tells us that if the truth was known Jack has not only a pedigree, but a crest . . . perhaps a Jack couchant on a field of cats rampant and some old bones prostrate, and all that sort of thing.

But after that long year Jack has failed us. Has basely deceived us, and to us he can be Jack no more.

I will tell you the manner of his betrayal.

Thelma rushed in to me the other morning and begged my urgent attention to a little matter at the bottom of the garden.

"Something dreadfully scrumptious has happened," she said.

I went to the bottom of the garden, and peered into Jack's house, standing in its own grounds, and—well, the betrayal was complete.

"Well, Thelma," I said, noticing a bucket of water in the corner, "which one shall we keep?"

And to us she can be Jack no longer.

T. J.

# Some Dips in the Luck Pot at the Vaudeville

*Photographs* *Stage Photo Co.*

## "BEATTA" AND HER BEAUTIFUL CHORUS

Miss Beatrice Lillie in the top photograph is disguised as "Mary (Pickford) of the Cannibal Isles," and from these warm climes we take a single (?) ticket to a Grecian frieze in "Calypso,' which gives but a slight idea of the versatility of that versatile Revue, "Pot Luck," at the Vaudeville

# THE RATTLESNAKE

AT THE SHAFTESBURY

AUBREY MATHER AS MOULTRIE

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

IT appears that the rattlesnake's motto is "Don't tread on me!" Personally, I should never go out of my way to tread on any kind of snake, whether it rattled or not. The rattlesnake, I gather, was the regimental badge of some of the "rebels" who fought against England in the War of Secession. The period of the play stretches from June, 1774, to May, 1779; and at the beginning the uniforms of the English army in Charles Town (now Charleston, South Carolina, U.S.A.) make a brave show of colour which is very attractive. But while the play is concerned with the War of Secession, its main incidents might have taken place anywhere at any time when there has been a war on. The hero is Harry Latimer who is quite openly on the side of the "rebels," although he appears to enjoy the favour of the Governor of the province, and to have the *entrée* to gatherings where loyal English congregate.

WHEN the curtain rises, English officers are talking about Harry Latimer's raid on the Royal arsenal. It seems that he not only helped himself to arms and ammunition, but had the effrontery to send the commanding officer of the district a receipt for the goods. The officers, who have met their ladies for a dance at the Assembly Rooms, are saying to each other that Harry Latimer will not dare to show his face among them. If he should do so, he will have any number of challenges to meet. In due course, however, Latimer turns up. Servants were posted at the doors to beat him off with whips if he should try and force his way in; but they ought to have known that you can't lash the hero of a drama about in that cheap way.

(*Continued on page 238*)

KATHLEEN NESBITT AND FRANKLIN DYALL

YES—BUT ONLY

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

LY ON PAPER

## LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*continued*)

Of course, Latimer properly chastises both the fellows, and fells them to the ground for their presumption; and then he walks into the Assembly Rooms and wants to know what about it. The answer is a number of challenges to picturesque swordplay, but Latimer has time only to accept one of the invitations he receives; and as the other man chooses pistols at ten paces, it looks like business. Indeed, if it were not for the fact that Latimer is the hero and that this is only the first act, we should feel a little concerned on his account.

LATIMER'S opponent is Andrew Carey, an elderly Diehard in the Royal service, who is at the Assembly Rooms with his lovely daughter, Myrtle. As the shooting is to take place on the spot, the ladies are sent to another part of the building till the result can be announced. Just as Andrew Carey is taking aim, however, his daughter Myrtle thoughtlessly strolls into the room, with the result that the old man's shot goes wide. Personally, I always think it is a mistake to go plunging into a room where a duel with pistols is going on, as there must be quite enough excitement there as it is. Latimer, having received his opponent's fire, wide as it was, now has the privilege of shooting back. But, as he very nicely says, old man Carey was put off his stroke in the first round, and it would not be proper to take advantage of the accident. He will, therefore, reserve his fire for some future occasion. He, as it were, is keeping a shot in the locker. Then old man Carey gets the surprise of his life. Latimer announces that he and Myrtle Carey have just been married, and are now off on their honeymoon.

MILTON ROSMER AS HARRY LATIMER

CATHLEEN NESBITT AS MYRTLE

AFTER that five years roll down the stream of time, and what were formerly the Assembly Rooms have now become the G.H.Q. of the "rebel" army. Latimer has developed into a Captain, and his principal business is to ascertain, if possible, how it is that all his plans are communicated to the enemy immediately after they are made. Andrew Carey is lodging in the town in pursuit of a hare-brained scheme of vengeance upon Latimer; but they cannot suspect him because he is not only Mrs. Latimer's father, but he has also become a little weak in the head as the result of the English defeats. But there is lodging in the same house a wily Quaker who pretends to be a tobacco planter, and who on that account passes freely through the lines of the opposing armies. Captain Latimer thinks he would like to have the Quaker up to his quarters for a friendly chat on tobacco, and the espionage system generally. He remembers,

(*Continued on page 240*)

# Alphabetical Artistry in "A to Z"

*Photograph* *Stage Photo Co.*

## JACK AND JOSEPHINE

Otherwise Buchanan and Trix, doing a little side-stepping (just before the high-stepping), in a new version of that popular Prince of Wales' revue "A to Z," in which Teddie Gerard makes her reappearance, after a long stay in the States.

## LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

with some disquietude, that Mrs. Latimer is in the habit of visiting her father regularly, and may well have met the Quaker at the same time, and had a bit of a gossip on the prevailing military situation.

∽

When the Quaker arrives he turns out to be an officer in the English Army, and a former suitor for Mrs. Latimer's hand. He has altered his appearance by staining his face brown, and shaving his eyebrows; but I have never considered that a very complete way of disguising yourself. If Mr. Churchill, for instance, were to stain his face brown and shave his eyebrows, and even change his coat, I believe his hat would always give him away. What Latimer learns from the spy, however, is very painful news for him. He has no alternative, in his duty to his cause, but to suspect his wife, who is, after all, the daughter of a very royalist father, of betraying the rebel secrets, and he sets a snare for the lady accordingly. A brother-officer explains how he once laid a trap for a spy, and the fellow immediately walked into it and was immediately rushed out into the backyard, where the local population was abruptly reduced by one. Latimer accordingly tells his wife some "news" that he has invented. It is just guesswork on his part, but he wishes her to know that General Lincoln is advancing to the relief of the beleaguered city. His idea is that if that news gets through to the enemy, false though it be, there will be painfully clear evidence that his wife is an enemy spy. Then comes a most dramatic moment. The "rebel" Governor calls Latimer and a brother-officer to a conference and informs them with great secrecy that—General Lincoln is advancing to the relief of the city. Just that.

∽

It is at this point that the play really becomes exciting. Somehow the news of Lincoln's advance reaches the English, and they break camp and retreat. Latimer's first idea is to get a pistol and shoot his wife through the head, though this is not at all a nice way to treat a lady. He is, fortunately, interrupted in his fell plan, and he and his wife stand at opposite ends of the room snarling at each other like a couple of cats who have not been introduced. Mrs. Latimer protests that she never saw her father after the news about Lincoln was given her, and Latimer did not know that the fanciful tale he told his wife would turn out to be true. But about this time old man Carey is brought before the examining officers, and he swears fiercely that Latimer is the man who has been selling the army's secrets to the enemy. It is a bit of a mix-up, but it is most dramatic and absorbing.

∽

Miss Cathleen Nesbitt gives a remarkable display of talent as the falsely accused wife, and her energetic performance must be exhausting on physical grounds alone after six evenings and two matinées per week. Mr. J. Fisher White is quite magnificent as Andrew Carey, and his final exit, as the old man's mental aberration becomes obvious, is very rightly greeted with a storm of applause. Mr. Milton Rosmer is very successful with the part of Latimer, and Mr. Edward O'Neill gives an impressive study of the Governor of the State who is also a military strategist. The play is a little involved in parts, but it is very interesting.

JINGLE

# Dreadnoughts of the Dance Hall

BY LAURIE TAYLER

"Look there now, Maurice! Watch carefully! That's the very step I want you to practise with me!"

# To "Seed" or Not to "Seed"?

## AMERICA'S NEW LAWN TENNIS MOVE

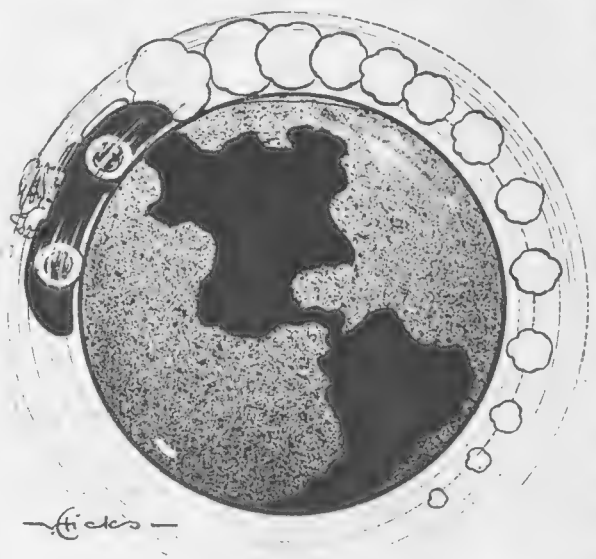
THERE is good reason for believing that the draw for the Championship of the United States will in future be "seeded"—or, as we say in England, "cooked." For the benefit of the uninitiated I ought perhaps to explain that this means that it will be so arranged that the leading competitors cannot encounter each other until the later stages of the competition.

### Chacun à sa Place

THE "scheme of arrangement" which will probably be adopted at the annual general meeting of the United States Lawn Tennis Association due to be held on February 4 is as follows: Assuming that there are 128 competitors (as there were last year) the Committee of Management will extract therefrom those who in their opinion are the sixteen best, and assign to them an order of merit. The player ranked No. 1 will be placed at the top of the upper half of the draw and No. 2 will be placed at the top of the lower half. Nos. 1 and 2 will therefore probably meet in the final and cannot possibly meet sooner. Nos. 3 and 4 will then be drawn and the first one out of the hat will be placed in the upper half at the bottom of it so that he cannot encounter No. 1 before the semi-final; the other one will be placed at the bottom of the lower half so that, similarly, he cannot meet No. 2 until the semi-final. This ensures the four reputedly best players holding the last four places, and the two best the last two. A suggestion which obtrudes itself at once is "Why not play off the final first and have done with it?" But let us resist this temptation to unseemly levity and proceed. Nos. 5 to 16 will also be "drawn" as far apart from each other as is possible.

### Eliminating the Luck

THE object of the scheme is patent. It is the elimination as far as is humanly possible of the element of luck which is present in a draw decided strictly by lot, and which some of us are inclined to regard as a rather fascinating element in sport. It smooths the path of the principal performers by enabling them to steer clear of each other until the latest possible moment; it does away with the possibility of one protagonist having a series of easy matches, while another is exhausting himself with a series of difficult ones, and it ensures the early extinction of the "also rans." The horrible possibility of a Tilden or a Johnston being beaten in the first round by a Johnston or a Tilden is wiped out, and the survival—bar accidents of another kind—of the four most tigerish of the tigers to "the last four" is practically assured. The suggestion that the idea of "seeding" the draw is also a good one from the "gate" point of view is, of course, anticipated and emphatically repudiated, and although there is no doubt that what the spectators like is a *crescendo* of important matches—which is what a "seeded" draw gives—I do not believe that the Americans have allowed themselves to be influenced at all by "gate" considerations.



By Victor Hicks

ON ONE GALLON OF PETROL

—If you believed the man who's trying to sell you his two-seater

### Ayes and Noes

MY own view is that we should probably have heard nothing of this project for "seeding" the draw if it had not been for the enormous entries with which championships are overloaded nowadays. For, of course, the more rounds there are the greater is the chance of the luck of the draw being accentuated. Take Wimbledon last year, for instance. There was one very "hot" quarter of the draw which contained, amongst others, Kingscote, Alonso, Lycett, and Shimidzu, whereas the quarter which contained Norton (the ultimate winner of the All-Comers') was a comparatively easy one as it turned out. It is because of this that popular opinion is now in favour of "seeding" in America, where some years ago "seeding" was tried in the championship (when entries were much fewer), and given up. But it seems to me that the proper remedy for the inequity of an uneven draw is the reduction of the entry by means of a preliminary qualifying competition, from which the better players are exempted, and not by having a "draw" which is, in fact, no draw at all.

### Will England Follow Suit?

AT Wimbledon the draw has always been conducted strictly by lot and according to law. Englishmen, of course, are not primarily concerned with the way in which Americans manage their lawn tennis affairs, but, all the same, this new move on the part of America is not one to be ignored. She is the leading lawn tennis-playing nation of the world at the present time; she holds the Davis Cup, and her champion is also champion at Wimbledon. Her decisions, therefore, necessarily carry weight. There are, no doubt, a good many people in this country who look favourably upon the principle of "seeding" the draw, and would like to see it introduced at Wimbledon. They will now have America's example and America's influence at the back of them.

### Something in a Name

YET in any contest on the knock-out principle the draw by lot is the fairest for all parties concerned, and from a sporting point of view there is something repugnant in the idea of a draw which is "arranged." Can it be supposed, for instance, that a suggestion that the draw at Henley or in the Amateur Golf Championship should be "cooked" would run the slightest chance of adoption? We may hope that there is still enough of the old sporting spirit left among lawn tennis players in this country to ensure the retention of the draw by lot. If this means, under existing or future conditions, that the element of luck enters too largely into the contest, let us try to find some remedy other than that which is already half-condemned by the not very choice epithets which have to be used in order to describe it.

H. S. S.

*BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER*

£100 PER WEEK £200 PER WEEK

**Both these men work for an Empire, but the one on the right has just had his income reduced—shame! In future he will only get a Prime Minister's salary**

# The Culprit

BY WILMOT LUNT

"It's Jimmy's fault, mister, 'e said I couldn't 'it it"

# A CHANGE OF LUCK

BY RALPH STRAUS. *Author of "Pengard Awake," etc., etc.*

"And what," I asked, "has become of our old friend, John Fenton?"

Masters looked at me in surprise. We were sitting over our whiskies at the Club one evening after my return from South America. I had been away for a considerable time, and Masters had been giving me all the news. "Hasn't his fame reached Buenos Aires, then?"

"Fame?" I repeated. "Fame is the last word I should ever have thought to apply to poor Johnnie Fenton."

I saw a smile steal over Masters' cheery face. "You mean to tell me you've never heard of Johnnie's rise to fame?"

"Not a word of it. When I last heard of him, he was pretty well down and out. And—why, yes—didn't somebody get up a subscription for him or something of that sort? Has he made money then?"

"Money!" cried Masters. "Why, he's rolling—in a Royce and all the rest of it. Money! And d'you know where he started to make it? In Monte Carlo. Tons of it."

"A new—system?" I ventured.

"System be blowed. Johnnie Fenton——" He broke off. "And you honestly swear you don't know of his extraordinary luck?"

"Of course I don't, or I wouldn't be asking about him."

Masters looked at me almost with pity. Then he smiled again, threw away his cigarette, and sat forward in his chair.

"Right oh," said he, "then I'll tell you a curious story. When you went away, we must all have been worried about Master Johnnie who had spent all his own money—it never was much, as you know—and was becoming more than a bit of a wastrel. Some of us tried to get him a job, but Johnnie was a difficult man to suit. He hadn't been brought up to work, he would say. We didn't mind him sponging on us for a meal now and then, but we did mind his borrowing our money to buy beautiful clothes and unnecessary theatre-stalls. And then, when he was absolutely on the rocks, something happened. How can I best explain?" Masters was looking up at the ceiling as if to find the required explanation there. He twirled his moustache thoughtfully and then slowly nodded his head.

"Well, you see, Master Johnnie had a dream. He dreamt that a beautiful princess came to see him and told him that he had only to go to Monte Carlo and stake on the first number that caught his eye when he got out of the train, to make a fortune. She also told him that if he were rich, she would marry him. Just the sort of damn silly dream that you or I would thoroughly enjoy while it lasted and then forget all about. But Johnnie didn't or wouldn't forget. He woke up with a strange new determination. Somehow or other he borrowed forty pounds, redeemed his most presentable clothes, and bought a ticket at Cook's.

"Yes, it was all settled in a day. Master Johnnie, with the memory of his dream-princess for ever before him, was driven to Victoria at an early hour and crossed the channel and was very sick and wished that he hadn't been such an idiot as to dream at all, and lost his way in Paris and caught the P.L.M. train at the Gare de Lyons by the skin of his teeth, and the next afternoon was stepping out of the train at Monte Carlo for the first time in his life. He had about thirty pounds in his pocket. He didn't know a soul in the place, and he didn't know where to stay. He didn't even know where the Rooms were."

"But you mean to tell me he went off like that at a day's notice? Didn't he ask people's advice? You can't——"

"We knew nothing at all at the time."

"What a very mad business," said I.

"Yes, but not nearly so mad as what followed. Johnnie, you remember, used to play a fair amount of bridge, but I doubt whether he had ever played roulette in his life. But it seems that he met a Cook's man on the platform, and the Cook's man explained things a bit, and got him an outside porter, and then, as he walked off with the porter to a hotel, he found himself looking at the man's cap. It bore the number nine."

Once again Masters was smiling at me. "Now you needn't believe me if you don't want to," he went on, "but our Johnnie immediately registered a vow to risk everything on that number. He booked his room at the Hotel de Paris, had a drink, and walked across to the Rooms. He obtained his card of admission, spent a minute or two watching at one of the tables, and then changed notes for those coloured counters which they have been using since the War. Then he walked quickly to one of the tables and put a large blue counter which stood for a hundred francs on number nine.

"Well, he stood there and watched, and when the wheel stopped he didn't immediately know what had happened. The *croupier* had shouted out the result, but Johnnie's French was rusty, and he didn't understand. "*Neuf, rouge, impair et manque*," was what the *croupier* had said, but he might have been talking Double-Dutch so far as Johnnie was concerned, except for the fact that his large blue counter was one of the few which was not being swept off the board. Then, of course, he did understand. He raked in three thousand five hundred francs, and left his stake on the table.

"Now numbers don't often come up twice running at Monte Carlo or anywhere else, but on this occasion the little ball rolled into the same hole again, and Master Johnnie was some seven thousand francs richer than he had been. As in a dream he took up his winnings and walked

*(All rights strictly reserved)*

## "A CHANGE OF LUCK" (*concluded*)

away from the table, and stood in the middle of the room and looked about him.

"He didn't quite know what to do. So far, you see, his mad resolve seemed justified. He had staked twice and won, and the dream had come true. It all seemed very easy, but even he knew that nine would not come up every time or anything like it. He would have to stake here and there at irregular intervals. But just—when? And while he was trying to work out some plan of action he saw a woman looking steadily at him across one of the tables. He knew her at once. It was the woman of his dream, the princess who had promised to marry him, if he were rich.

"I can see you trying to hide your smile, but smile as much as you like. You think these things don't happen in real life, but *anything* can happen in Monte Carlo. Hitherto, Johnnie had been about the unluckiest mortal ever born to owe money, but from this moment his luck changed. He saw that dream-woman of his and walked straight over to her table and stood by her side. I think he expected her to speak, but she didn't speak. She seemed too interested in the play. He watched her for a moment or two, and then staked another blue counter on nine.

"Nine won."

"But, my dear fellow——"

"Nine won," repeated Masters, "twice running again, and Johnnie took up his winnings as before.

"'You are luckee,' said the beautiful lady, speaking at last.

"'It is due to you, madame,' replied Johnnie, greatly excited.

"She didn't seem to understand. 'But how, monsieur?'

"'You told me to stake on nine.'

"'I? But you are a stranger to me,' she told him, and lifted her head haughtily and walked away."

Masters lit another cigarette. "Well, my dear fellow, to cut a long story short, nothing could go wrong for Master Johnnie that day. He would stand in the middle of the room thinking of nothing at all, and then suddenly choose a table and dart across and stake his usual hundred francs on nine. He won practically every time. It was just like a mad dream where the most impossible things happen as a matter of course. There are seven or eight tables usually going in the Rooms, and nobody seemed to notice that he was winning so steadily; but win he did, and when he went back to his hotel he was fifty thousand francs to the good.

"A thousand pounds in a day! Not bad going, you'll agree, and it was only the first day. At the end of a week our friend had not broken the bank, but he was the owner of a cool £12,000. They knew him then well enough, and lots of people tried to follow him. But he never sat at a table, you see, just moved about and staked his money when the fit seized him. I believe he only lost four or five times. Somebody warned him to be careful of his money, and they did try to waylay him, but, as you remember, Master Johnnie always had a good pair of fists, and the robbers, whoever they were, got the worst of it. He kept his money all right."

"But what of the woman?"

"I'm coming to her. One evening he was walking along the Roquebrune Road, wondering how long he should stay, and worried about his princess who had never come to the Rooms again, when he heard voices and a woman's stifled scream. The voices seemed to be coming from a villa on his left, and he impulsively dashed into the garden. And there. . . ." Masters was chuckling. "Oh! yes, his luck had changed right enough. Once again our Johnnie was called on to use his fists. Of course, you have guessed what the trouble was. An unpleasant German Baron was making himself more unpleasant than usual to Johnnie's princess. There was a scuffle, and the German retired. Master Johnnie was invited into the villa to receive the lady's warm thanks. And—and she really was a princess, you know, one of those semi-royal people from Bohemia, or somewhere, and they got on famously, and he told her of the dream, and—would you believe it?—within a month they were married!"

"Why, it sounds——"

"From that moment," Masters was continuing, "Johnnie leapt from success to success. I forget how much he cleared at Monte Carlo, but I know that when he returned to England he bought a house in Mayfair and furnished it mightily well, and he and his wife, whom I know and like, give the jolliest parties, and—well, there you are!"

"But I don't understand in the least. Do you mean to say he made enough money to give him an income for the rest of his life?"

"Oh, no. His wife brought him a good deal, but, you see, from that first day in Monte Carlo his luck changed right round. He had tried all kinds of jobs in a half-hearted sort of way, and none had succeeded. But money, they say, begets money, and to-day, I suppose, Johnnie is earning as big a salary as anyone in England. And he's paid all his debts, too. You'd hardly know him."

"And all on account of a—dream! Why, it sounds like a cinema-drama."

"Of course it does. There is every reason why it should. It *was* a cinema-drama, the first one our Johnnie ever appeared in. I don't know how he got his first engagement, but he persuaded the Luckworth people to give him a trial, and, as it happened, they wanted a man for a Riviera film, the plot of which I've just told you. They took most of the scenes in Monte Carlo, and he made a thundering success in the part. The princess was Marie Russell; surely you have heard of *her?* Johnnie fell in love with her almost at once. Yes," he added, thoughtfully, "he got his chance and took it. He's good-looking, you know, and he's got what they call the cinema-face. And now the films in which he appears are shown all over the world, except, apparently, in Buenos Aires."

"Masters," said I, after a pause, "I'll never forgive you."

"But *The Dream Princess* is a mighty good film," said he. "I hear they are going to revive it. I'll take you along. You'd better have another drink now." R. S.

---

CHARM is an aptitude for putting yourself in your neighbour's place until your neighbour has turned the corner.

* * *

A SPARTAN is a person who does not permit you to know that he is dying until he is dead.

# "The Mirror-cle"

LOVELY LEE AND CLEVER CLAY

Indulge in a few matrimonial "reflections," much to do with smiling and sunshine it would seem. Lee White and her composer husband, Mr. Clay Smith, have just returned from the United States, and are arranging a preliminary tour of their revue before coming once more into the theatreland of London

# Blanchette on Romance

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"The first green shoots shyly peeping out

LONDON, *January* 30

DEAR COUSIN—

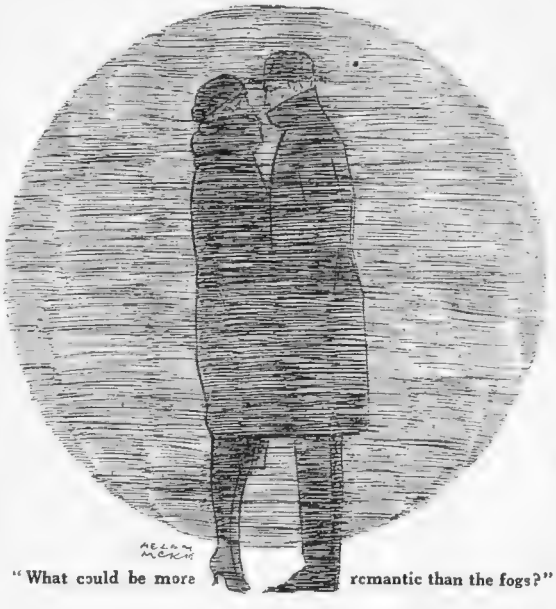
SEEMS to be quite a lot of the spirit of romance and adventure and all that sort of thing about just now, doesn't there? I don't mean so much in mere ordinary life, perhaps — though these grey winter days and nights themselves aren't altogether without thrills, either.

WHAT could be more romantic and adventurous, for instance, than the fogs of the season that we've just been having a taste of, and that dull prosaic people have a way of getting quite cross about? Which instantly and completely change the whole face of the land as we know it, and transport us right away into a new world of mystery and shadows and delightful possibilities and uncertainties. Not to mention discomforts, too—but then, after all, you can't ever get proper romance just comfortably dreaming in your armchair before the fire, can you?

OR . . . to hear the thrushes in the garden suddenly and hopefully and foolishly start singing away like mad, or to watch the evenings stealthily beginning to lengthen at last, and the first green shoots of the new year shyly peeping out—that, too, methinks, has its touch, for most of us, of the rapture of romance. Which perhaps, after all, burns all the brighter in our secret hearts and gets all the more of an innings, so to speak, 'cos of the general gloom and chilliness all around.

ANYWAY, the books and plays of the moment, which to so many of us are really so much more real than just commonplace existence, 'pear to be simply saturated just now, some of 'em, with the aforesaid spirit of romance. The real old-fashioned kind, too—you know, dashing, passionate, swashbuckling and recklessly rollicking and the rest of it.

AND bursting forth in *the* most unexpected quarters, what's more. Who'd have dreamt, *par exemple*, of that charming and (to quote himself) suave man of the world, Sir Charles Hawtrey, breaking out—at the Criterion—as a bold and blustering pirate king? And raucously roaring "Blast Ye!" or "Hell Cat!" to anyone who comes along (according to sex), or greedily gloating over "good grog to warm the innards," or thunderously threatening that he'll "slit them ear to ear," and "so perish all who cross me path!"



"What could be more romantic than the fogs?"

OF course, it's only a "dream," but all the same, almost makes one think there must be something very extra special in the air to account for this smoothest of stage liars deserting the drawing-rooms where he has shone (and lied) so long, and plunging into all the rough and boisterous doings of *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*. Wherein, by the way and moreover, darling Sir Charles is even *more* utterly fascinating than ever before—which is saying a good deal, isn't it?

ALWAYS looks very nice in his favourite dinner-jacket, of course, but why, oh, why, have we been robbed all these years of the priceless spectacle of Captain Charles H. as a swaggering sea-dog in top-boots and jerkin, and cutlass and strange sea oaths to match? It's all simply too lovely (and romantic) for words.

LOTS of romance in that other "Adventure" that's on here in London now, too, of course—the "Glorious" one, otherwise Lady Diana's own, at Covent Garden. Such thrilling duels and abductions and reckless (but perfectly proper) revels *chez* Charles II, and bedroom episodes and prison scenes—and, to end up with, perfectly good Fire of London, complete with bright red flames and blazing buildings and panic-stricken mob and even molten lead flowing down the steps of St. Paul's!

QUITE a picturesque land of make-believe, this film one, with its wigs and plumes and huge sweeping hats and lovely frocks.

HOW fearfully hard some of the real movie experts must work, by the way, and what real adventures they must go through—even if, as one of them's been rashly revealing, quite lots of their soul-stirring

## "BLANCHETTE ON ROMANCE" (concluded)

stunts and hair's-breadth escapes are just clever camera fakes all the time. But quite good at play, too, they are, and at the Cri. Roof Garden the other night were gathered together in joyous crowds—stars, producers and all—for the revels of a great and glorious "movie night," when they danced gaily to Art Hickman's wonderful band and had a midnight snowball fight, and generally helped to Brighten London. . . . Which, after all, I suppose, is what stars are *there* for—what?

CAN'T help thinking sometimes, you know, that the screen hero or heroine has a bigger job in some ways to "make good" than the stage one. No clustering bevies of pretty chorus girls, or resourceful and tactful orchestras, or catchy songs, or even amusing book-of-the-words to help *them* out, like the stage ones have, who, according to recent 'orrible revelations, get to be Leading Ladies and things just because they happen to have rich and generous "friends." Just starkly and staringly and silently in the limelight all the time, *they* are, and if they can't act they can't, and that's that, and there's no hiding it, not for love or money or influence, or anything else that ever was.

TALKING of love and romance and so on, been reading quite a lot of books lately, too, that are quite romantically full of that most fascinating of subjects. Rather nice, just for a change, to find someone—like Mr. Harold Child in *Love and Unlove*—admitting quite seriously that it's quite an important thing, and even saying rash things like "the main source of strength, activity, and happiness is human love," and "if love dies, life dies," and "the great art of life is nothing but the perpetual realisation of love," and all that sort of thing.

AND even that almost excessively "smart" novelist, Mr. Stephen McKenna, who is almost excessively wrapped up in "smart" women like his Sonia and Lady Lilith, talks of little else, really, in his newest book, *The Secret Victory*, but that same absorbing topic. Though, of course, rather from the "smart" and "epigrammatic" point of view.

"ONE woman in a hundred"—sez 'e—"marries the man she wants; the other ninety-nine look for someone they can at least tolerate." Also—maritally again—"you don't begin to know anything about a woman until you're married to her." And likewise—hope it won't give you that crushed feeling, dear cousin—"Men understand women at first, then they exaggerate them enormously, then they get them into perspective—but Woman is not a man's chief business in his prime!"

"You don't begin to know anything about a woman until you're married to her"

ALL of which is rather *young*, isn't it? And not sure it'd do the author any particular harm to go and hear in *his* turn about Man—how—

Man is coarse and man is plain,
Man is more or less insane. . . .

"Brighter London at the Roof Garden"

as sung (with lots of other quite rude things) in that rather delightful *Princess Ida* at the Princes Theatre.

WHEREIN, though, I think I liked best of all Mr. Henry Lytton as the crooked, cross-grained monarch who moans so bitterly—

Don't the days seem blank and long
When all goes right and nothing wrong?
Isn't your life extremely flat
With nothing at all to grumble at?

Correct answer being—not at a Gilbert and Sullivan night, anyway—what?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

*Photographs* *Sport and General*

Captain E. C. Carter (Coombe Hill) (left) beat C. H. Prowse (Cambridge) by 2 and 1

J. Longbourne (Cambridge) (right) beat H. J. Carver (Coombe Hill) by 5 and 3

**CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY'S GOLFING WIN AT COOMBE HILL**

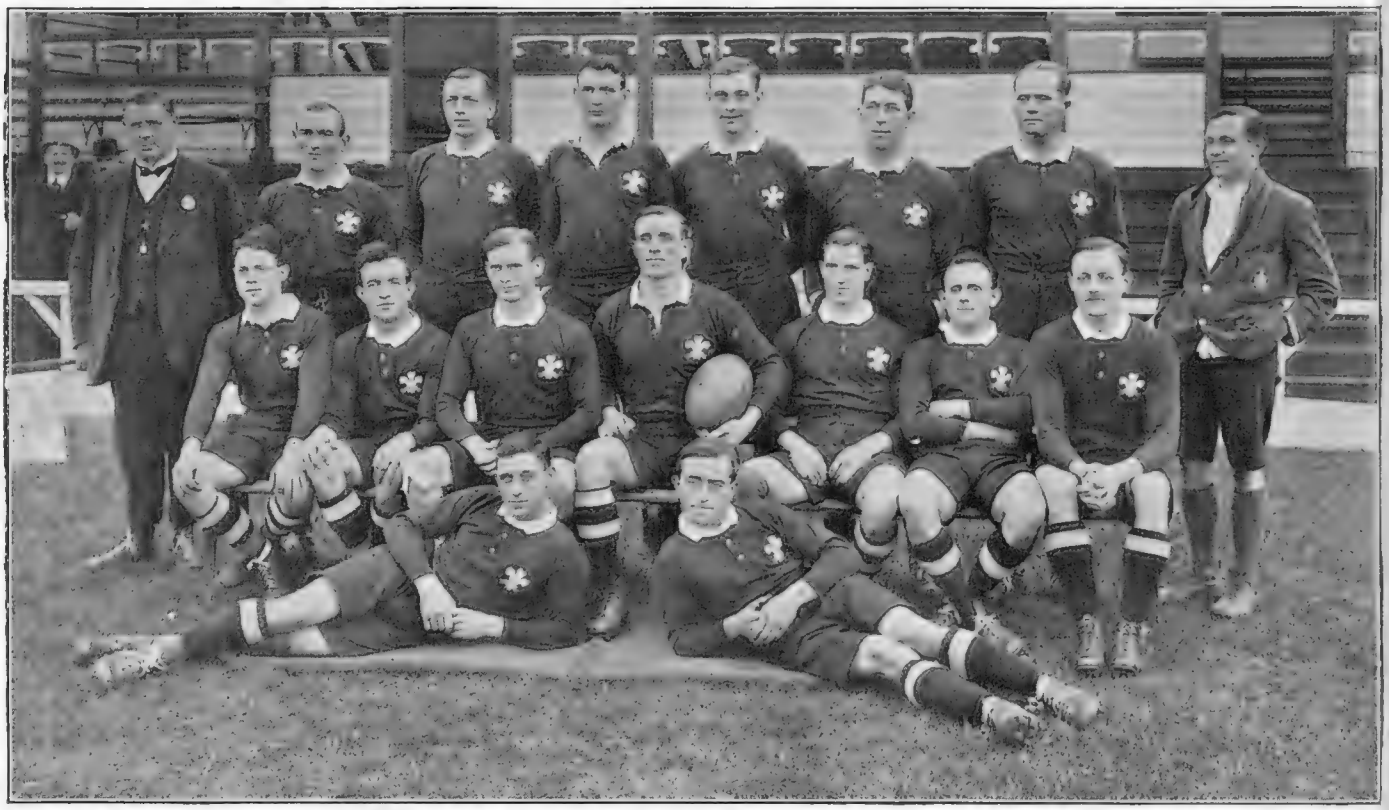
**In beating Coombe Hill on their own course by 10 points to 7 Cambridge University achieved something out of the common, for at Coombe Hill local knowledge is a valuable asset. It is true that Cambridge arrived two short which necessitated their borrowing one of the home side, A. J. Mitchell-Clarke (who won both in Singles and Foursomes), in order to level things up, but all the same the result indicates that they are a very useful side, and that Oxford will not have matters all their own way in the 'Varsity Match**

*Photograph* *Topical*

**SERGEANT BAYLISS (R. E. SIGNALS)**

**Receives the congratulations of Lieut-General Butler on winning the Aldershot Command Cross-Country Steeplechase**

# *The* WEEK'S SPORT IN PICTURES



*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**THE WELSH INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL FIFTEEN**

**The Welsh team which inflicted such a severe defeat upon England at Cardiff recently has been chosen *en bloc* to play against Scotland in Edinburgh next Saturday. Left to right standing: R. D. Jones (touch judge), D. Hiddlestone (Neath), Rev. J. G. Stevens (Llanelly), T. Roberts (Risca), S. Morris (Cross Keys), J. Whitfield (Newport), P. C. Cummings (Treorchy). Seated: C. Richards (Pontypool), J. Rees (Swansea), Bryn Evans (Llanelly), T. Parker (captain, Swansea), T. Jones (Newport), Islwyn Evans (Swansea), J. M. Tennant (Scotland), who refereed the match against England. On Ground: W. Bowen (Swansea), W Delahay (Bridgend).**

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**POLO ON THE RIVIERA**

**The polo season on the Riviera has just begun and our illustration shows a game in progress on the Mandelieu Ground at Cannes. One of the best polo players, Lord Rocksavage, will find it difficult to tear himself away from the tennis courts on which he has been competing with marked success. He won his first Singles Championship at Monte Carlo. Another poloist, R. M. McGrath, recently won a doubles handicap with Mr. Bonar Law**

*Photograph* *L. N. A.*

**THE CRESTA ICE RUN**

**This famous run at St. Moritz was re-opened last week. It affords a supreme test of tobogganing skill and only experts are permitted to cover the whole course from top to bottom, owing to the terrific speed which is attained in the course of the descent**

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**SAVED!—IN SPITE OF A FALL**

**An incident in the hockey match between the Army and the United Hospitals at Hale End last Wednesday. A. G. Story the Hospitals' goalkeeper, in rushing out to save, fell but managed nevertheless to get the ball away. The match resulted in a draw of 2 goals all**

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**THE REST OF ENGLAND HOCKEY TEAM**

**The representative team of English hockey players which recently toured in America, was never in the least extended. This may account for its comparative failure at Surbiton against a strong side entitled "The Rest," who won decisively by 6 goals to 1. Left to right (standing): Miss D. N. Glenday, Mrs. Stedman, Miss M. Hollowell, Miss K. B. McArthur, Miss H. M. Light, Miss H. Begbie. Seated: Miss M. Perkin, Miss K. Doman, Mrs. Belchamber, Miss M. Bryant, Miss M. Polland**

# HUNTING NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

*Photographs* *Poole, Waterford*

**THE MASTER AND HUNTSMAN OF THE HAMBLEDON HOUNDS**

**An excellent snapshot taken at a meet of the Hambledon Hounds of Mr. S. Hardy, the popular Master (on left) with G. Roake, the Huntsman**

**THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT**

**At a recent meet of the "Duke's" near Belvoir Castle. The Duchess of Beaufort is a keen follower of her husband's pack**

### Still Blowing!

GENTLE breezes still seem to blow at the annual meetings of the Whaddon Chase! We assumed that when the hatchet was formally buried last year, and when Colonel Selby Lowndes's hounds were bought by the Hunt (and not for an old song, either), everything would go along as merrily as marriage bells. But it was evidenced at the pow-wow at Winslow Hall last week that a bit of rancour remains. "Why have the annual meeting in a private house?" say the Selby-Lowndes people. "You did the same yourself, in *your* day," retort the others. Anyway, this little matter is to be left in the hands of the Hunt Committee, and I cannot see how any other decision could logically have been arrived at. It was reported that the purchase of the old pack cost £6,562. Whew!

### The Dukeries

ONE of the few countries which have not been affected by the break-up of large estates during recent years is the Rufford. The Dukeries remain a land in which all lovers of sport may well delight. Its wealth of game is not much less than it was in the days of Robin Hood, and the great landowners of Welbeck, Clumber, Rufford Abbey, Thorseby, and other beautiful estates are as keen to maintain the sporting traditions of the district as their ancestors were. Both the Duke of Portland and the Duchess of Newcastle have lately exerted themselves in an effort to induce Mr. A. J. Bennett to withdraw his resignation of the Mastership of the local pack, but unfortunately without success. Colonel Hardy will probably be the future Master of the hounds. He is the son-in-law of Earl Manvers, who was one of the most successful M.F.H.'s in the history of the Hunt.

### All's Well

I WAS rejoiced to learn that the fuss in the South Berks country was so quickly settled. Mr. Solly Joel is not the man to quarrel with his neighbours, and when he returned home he lost no time in putting things right. A "warning off" notice against hounds by a substantial landowner is an ugly thing. It is a knife that can very easily cut both ways. That it was issued in Mr. Joel's absence from home shows at least that there must have been much provocation. The hounds, it appears, upset some of the brood mares at Maiden Erlegh, with the consequence that a valuable foal was lost. It might have been a Derby winner! You will know that Mr. Joel's stud farm is one of the finest in the kingdom. Some of the brood mares are worth many thousands, and it behoves the local M.F.H. to take special precautions when hounds go near the stud at this time of the year. This is to be done in future. So all's well that ends well.

### Happy Norfolk Days

LORD LASCELLES had a good day when he and Princess Mary rode with this ancient pack after meeting at Fakenham recently. Hounds ran with plenty of vim. Starting with a sparkling spin of a quarter of an hour, they eventually settled down to a good old-fashioned hunt which lasted just over two hours. Of course, the pace was never of the steeplechasing variety, but hounds kept steadily on the move, and there was no serious check for eighty minutes. By that time all the one-horse people had had enough and were not in at the finish.

### Northern Packs

YORKSHIRE packs have been a good deal bothered by the changeable weather this month, but some of them have done quite well when conditions have been tolerably favourable. Major Gordon Foster, for example, has shown the Sinnington people some nailing gallops with points of six and seven miles. The York and Ainsty also scored well on the same day. Lord Grimthorpe and Colonel Borwick are "making good" in their first season in the Middleton country. The latter, however, had a decidedly nasty toss two or three weeks ago, while the huntsman, Dick Thatcher, has also been laid aside with a broken collar-bone. Here's wishing them better luck during the rest of the season!

### Back in the Saddle

LORD BEATTY has not lost much time in getting back to the saddle since returning from his diplomatic

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**THE HALDON HARRIERS AT LYNBRIDGE**

**Lord and Lady Cable's house party at Bishop Steignton, where the Haldon Harriers recently met. Among the party will be recognised: Capt. Goodson, Sir Alfred Goodson, Bart., and Master of Harriers, Lady Cable, Mrs. Goodson, Lord Cable, Mr. Mark Ball, Mrs. Mark Ball and Master Ball**

mission, as our illustrations this week will indicate. You will remember that I included him in my list of "best riders" in Leicestershire a week or two ago. It is always a treat to see him taking on the bullfinches. As a rule a sailor does not get much opportunity of riding to hounds, but the gallant Admiral seized every chance which came his way. His father was not only an M.F.H. but one of the best men to hounds of his day. Then there was "Charlie" Beatty, who trained Zinfandel, and many other good horses, and was himself hard to beat over a country. Another brother, "Vandy" Beatty, is also a successful trainer at Newmarket. One used to see him and Lord Beatty playing polo together at Roehampton and Rugby. "Vandy," busy with his thoroughbreds, has dropped out of polo since the War, but his sailor brother still loves to skipper a team—especially when he has Winston Churchill on the opposing side.

### Still Going Strong

HAMBLEDON is a name revered in cricket, but, as the accompanying pictures will remind you, it gives its name also to a famous Hampshire pack of hounds. This pack has been running since the eighteenth century, and like a certain well-advertised friend, is still going strong! I fear that there is a tendency for the wire to increase in the Hambledon country—lucky the hunting district where it is not—and there are other modern difficulties; but it remains a pleasant region, well varied in its proportions of pasture, plough, downs, and woodlands. Mr. S. Hardy has shown a good deal of enjoyable sport since he took over the pack seven years ago.

A. W. C.

*Photograph* *Alfieri*

**EARL BEATTY**

**At the after-the-ball meet of the Quorn, at Egerton Park, Melton Mowbray. One of Lord Beatty's seats is at Brooksby Hall, Leicester, and he is consequently often out with the Quorn pack**

*Photograph* *Poole, Waterford*

**HUNTING IN WALES**

**At covert side with the Llangibby Hounds, after their meet at Whithall. The names from left to right are: Miss Llewelyn, Sir Leonard W. Llewelyn, K.B.E., of Malpas Court, Newport, Mon., Mrs. Rees, of Court Bleddyn, Llangibby, Mrs. Ivor Llewelyn, of Blaen-Y-Pant, Malpas, Newport, Mon., and Miss C. Llewelyn. The Misses Llewelyn are the two daughters of Sir Leonard Llewelyn**

# RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

### Is it Wanted?

RACING people are wondering how the scheme for a new racecourse just outside Bournemouth is going to pan out. The project has the rather lukewarm approval of the racing authorities. It is true that a licence for the course has been received from the National Hunt Committee, but I can find no concensus of opinion among racegoers that a new fixture is wanted. The general impression seems to be that there are already quite as many racecourses as are wanted. What is more, the promoters have struck a nasty snag in the shape of the opposition of the local town council. Bournemouth is much too select, it is urged, to be contaminated with the presence now and again of wicked, common racing people. I remember it was the same councillors who for a long time forbade the running of tramcars on Sundays in the area over which they have control. It so happens, if I understand the situation rightly, that Ensbury Park, where the new racecourse is to be built, is outside the Bournemouth municipal region, so the council can do nothing very violent.

### A New Feature

THERE are some shrewd men at the back of the scheme. Two of the directors are the trainers, Percy Whitaker and "Atty" Persse. They mean to go through with the project, always providing, I assume, that they can get adequate financial support. The proposed capital of the company is to be £150,000. One thing I like about the suggested new racecourse is the figure of "8" track which it is intended to construct. This is a well-known feature of steeplechasing and hurdle racing in France, but it will be quite a novelty for this country. There are no courses here where you may see the starts, finishes, and progress of the races so well as you can in France. I wonder the figure of "8" course has not been tried here before.

BY "THE TOUT"

MAJOR H. BARCLAY

A study of the well-known racing judge deciding a hot finish . . . . and a very sound judge, too

### In Bendigo's Days

"THE TOUT" gives us a characteristic picture of "Buck" Barclay this week. Time has dealt gently with this popular racing official. To look at him you find it impossible to realise that not far short of forty years have slipped away since Bendigo won the Cambridgeshire in his colours. Those were the days of real giants on the Turf—Ormonde, Minting, The Bard, and the rest. And Mr. Barclay, a dashing young Guardsman then, was in the thick of it all. What a wonder Bendigo was! Look up his record, and you will marvel at the things he accomplished. We don't seem to get many of his sort nowadays. Long may his owner remain to remind us of one of the most glorious periods in racing history.

### The Lincoln—

QUITE a number of new hats were wagered on the question of top weight in the Lincolnshire Handicap. Soranus, Leighton, and Roman Bachelor were the popular choices. Backers of the last-named lose, but it is a dead heat between the other two. Soranus has gone up 10 lb. for his victory on the Carholme last year, and nobody who saw him win will deny that he is fully entitled to the extra weight. We have been told that Polydipsia is *the* one from De Mestre's stable for Lincoln this year, but if Soranus is sound again I doubt whether either of his stable companions would beat him at the weights. Anyway, I should not be in a hurry to back any of Mr. Solly Joel's lot.

### —And the National

SHAUN SPADAH has been given a very reasonable weight in the Grand National, and if the horse is as good as he was last year he has a fair chance of repeating his success. Nobody would have been shocked if Mr. Topham had asked him to carry 12 st. 7 lb., and with 4 lb. less than top weight I reckon him to be quite well in. I am not wonderfully impressed with Sir Huon, great as is his reputation. He has yet to show himself to advantage at Aintree.

### At Sandown

IF the weather is kind we ought to get plenty of interesting races this week. Manchester can always be depended upon to produce a good programme, so there will be no complaints about the mid-week fixture. Sandown Park, too, has some special attractions for us at the end of the week. The Prince Albert Hurdle Handicap makes a pretty puzzle on Friday. **Balthazar** has got down pretty low in the handicap, and this may be his turn. The Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, to be run on Saturday, is invariably one of the best races of the season. It may be won by **Norton,** who looks like becoming one of the Grand National favourites.

Fry's

Festal Chocolates

*Have you noticed that Festal Chocolates have been reduced in price?*

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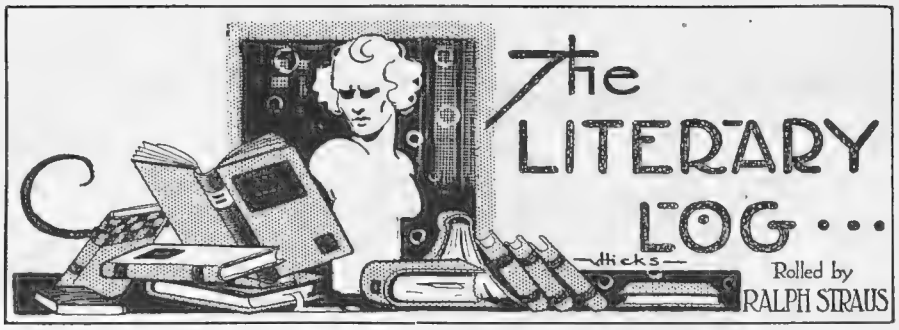


THE search for a new method of portraying life goes merrily on. A few years ago the American poet, Edgar Lee Masters, created something distinctly novel in his *Spoon River Anthology* which, you remember, was a series of epitaphs about various members of a community. It was a remarkable piece of work, but I am inclined to think that Mr. Bernard Gilbert has gone one better with his extraordinary book *Old England* (Collins: 20*s.* net). Here you have, set out in prose, *vers libre* or rhymed verse, a series of static pictures of the inhabitants of an English village, as they were at a given moment during the War.

⁂

Now these pictures, which bear such close relationship to one another, are the work of a man who obviously knows the countryside as well as he knows his own soul; of a man, too, who is not afraid to speak out. Critics there will be, who will accuse him of too cynical an outlook. Your English village, they will say, is not the secretly-amorous, hypocritical, selfish, narrow-minded community that Mr. Gilbert makes out his Fletton to be. Possibly not on the surface, but — underneath, human nature is not always so lofty as the moralists would like you to believe. There are all sorts of people in Fletton, and you are shown them, not as they appear to be to their neighbours, but as in truth they actually are. In any case, whether the outlook be cynical or not, after reading this truly astonishing production, you feel that you know Fletton to its marrow-bone—if a village can be said to have a marrow bone. (Whether you will want to live there is another question.) It is a place of a thousand stories which gradually and most dramatically emerge. There is a general index of inhabitants, and genealogical tables, which must have given the author endless trouble; but they add not a little to your interest and understanding. *Old England* is like no other book that ever was, and must ultimately win through to success.

⁂

TO-DAY every thinking man is vaguely worried by the queer and unsatisfactory state into which Europe has got her poor burdened self. The age of propaganda has arrived, and he is constantly being told a number of contradictory half-truths, which necessarily add to his bewilderment. What is the truth, he wonders, about starving Vienna, and about those new kingdoms Yugo-Slavia, Poland, and the rest? What is the real state of Turkey and Greece? What are the Bulgars really doing? And is it true that the Exchange makes living abroad for the Englishman so preposterously cheap? Naturally, there are books to be consulted. Of these the most alive and distinctive, so far as I know, is the work of a man who has long made it his business to travel in the least Cookian manner. To see things in their right perspective you must tramp, and the most enlightened tramp of to-day is Stephen Graham. His new book *Europe—Whither Bound?* (Butterworth: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), clears up much of the European fog. Last year he visited most of the capitals in the Near East, and this book is the result of his journey.

⁂

Now Mr. Graham is very much more than an enlightened tramp. He is an idealist whose views are never divorced from reality. He is not a man afraid to express an opinion because it may not be shared by Really Important People. Here in this book he is, as always, in search of the truth, and, reading his chapters, you begin to understand the ways and means of this wretched propaganda to which, it would seem, all nations are succumbing. *Europe—Whither Bound?* leaves you strongly in agreement with one Puck, who, on a memorable occasion, characterised mortals as fools; but it also leaves you grateful to Stephen Graham, who, as each new book of his appears, enhances his reputation, not only as an interpreter of national characteristics, but also as a man with a magic pen. R. S.

"Waste not your Time in any vain pursuit
Of Ministers; nor Argue nor Dispute,
Better be jocund with the Genial George,
And don't remind him of 'Refreshing Fruit.'"

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Full dress debates in our great Parliament,
But everything I heard I must confess
Came out by the same ear as in it went."

**Two amusing verses by W. Hodgson Burnet (a frequent contributor to "The Bystander," in his "Rubaiyat of Omar, M.P.," illustrated by T. C. Black (Collins: 3s. 6d. net)**

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IT is rare for the Prime Minister of the French Republic, who has also held the position of Chief of State, to lift the veil from diplomatic relationships, and reveal to the public the secrets of the Cabinet and Conference chambers. The book which the House of Cassell will publish on February 2, entitled *The Origin of the War*, by M. Poincaré, is therefore an epoch-making work, and is designed principally to show the developments of European politics from 1871 until 1914, and particularly the deliberate march of Germany to the goal of world domination which led to the great conflagration of 1914-1918. It is an indictment of German policy which is utterly damning, for every statement M. Poincaré makes he confirms by an official document, and every record is taken from a State pigeon-hole. The book is a calm, judicial survey of events, and the result is the presentation of a case for France—and indeed for the world—that is unanswerable and unassailable. The criminality of Germany is proven without question.

*The All-Weather Model.*

THE All-Weather Model, complete with full equipment, costs only £795.

As an enclosed car, it has a rigid roof, wide door, bucket seats, long and wide window space and interior lighting. The upholstery is luxuriously carried out in antique real leather.

The head can be lowered in a moment and falls completely flat. The weight is little more than that of the ordinary touring model and the car is extremely light on both tyres and petrol.

The wonderful efficiency of the new power unit as fitted to the Type "C" Model is already widely known. Although the R.A.C. rating remains at 15·9 h.p., it develops up to 40 Brake Horse Power—a triumph of engineering skill, and one of the many points of detail which make the latest Arrol-Johnston "the finest value among all cars of its class."

## BRIEF SPECIFICATION

*15.9 h.p., four cylinders, 80×130 mm. (2,614 c.c.) forced lubrication (1,500 m.p.g.), disc clutch, Fellows' magneto, Zenith carburetter, four speeds (right-hand gate change), unit gear box, spiral bevel back axle drive, half-elliptic front and rear springing, 815×105 mm. Dunlop Magnum tyres on disc wheels, C. A. V. lighting and starting.*

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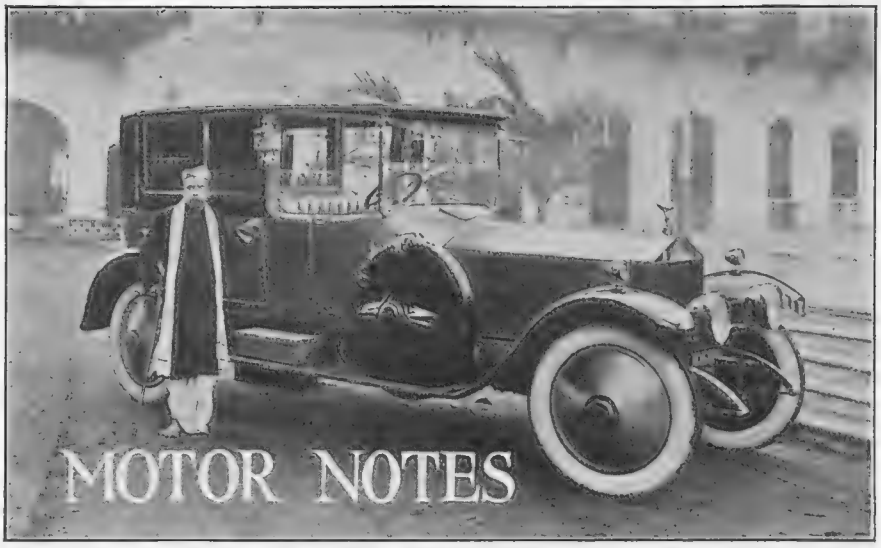


**HIS EXCELLENCY DEWAN BAHADUR GOVINDAS CHATHURBJUJDAS**

**Standing by his Rolls-Royce car outside his residence at Madras. This car was one of the numerous Rolls-Royces ordered for use during the Prince of Wales' Indian tour**

OWNERS of 8 h.p. Rover cars would do well to remember that the prevailing habit of having both the bright and dim filaments of their lamps switched on together is all wrong and odd. The idea of this double work on the battery is to enable them to switch off the bright lights when meeting another vehicle. Anyway, the lighting set provided on this car is not intended to be used in this manner, as there is an unnecessary waste of electric current, which is bad for the battery and also runs the risk that one of the filaments in the bulb may be burned out owing to the intense heat generated when both are alight. The makers of these 8 h.p. Rover cars have recently issued the following rules—(1) one lighting switch at a time only to be used.; (2) do not use bright lights unless charging up; (3) charge whenever possible; and (4) always withdraw charging switch immediately on stopping. All of which point out that troubles are sometimes caused by ignorance of a car's design and its equipment. I wonder how many car-owners ever trouble to read and remember "wot's rote" in the instructions book of their car supplied by the maker with the vehicle?

* *
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IN these days of strong foreign competition and high prices it is encouraging to know that some British firms are still holding their own. Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., the well-known electrical specialists, of Acton, state they have supplied no less than 2,000 dynamos during the past year to the London General Omnibus Company. This announcement will bring home to the public the part played by C.A.V. in the lighting of the new type of buses running on the London streets. In addition to this, they have supplied 1,500 dynamos to the various oil companies alone in the metropolis. Realising the menace of certain cheap foreign competition, the above facts are distinctly hopeful from the British point of view.

* *
*

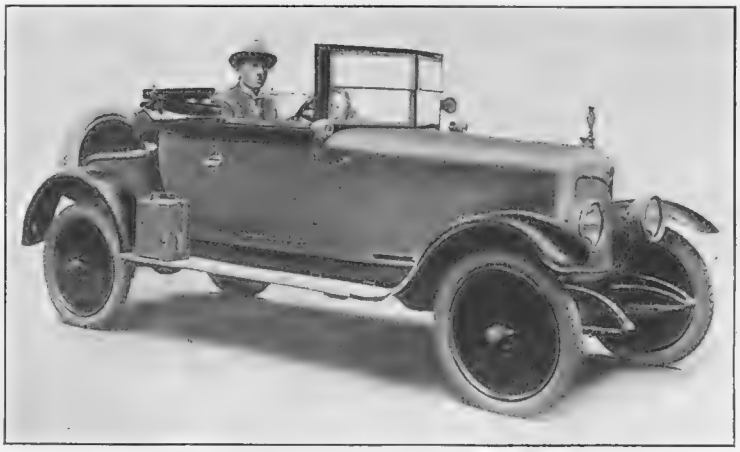
COLDER weather has drawn attention to the comfort of using a car-heater such as the M.E., that Mann, Egerton and Co., Ltd., fit in the exhaust pipe system on any car. Where this M.E. differs from some of the other forms of foot warmers is that no fumes or exhaust gases enter the vehicle; only fresh filtered warm air, pre-heated by radiation, is allowed to enter, and it is thoroughly under the control of the passengers. Whether for open or closed cars these heaters add a great deal more cosiness than the small expense incurred would warrant the purchaser to expect, but, thank goodness, some people do still trade on the lines that a satisfied and pleased customer brings better business than getting as much as you can out of every deal.

* *
*

I WONDER how many 1913 cars there are on the road to-day, as it would appear worth while for their owners to get in touch with the Automobile Association, which is starting on a campaign to persuade the Ministry of Transport to recommend the Chancellor of the Exchequer to apply to 1913 made engined cars the same 25 per cent. rebate of the road tax as the 1912 cars obtained last year. Anyway, it is worth trying for, as, logically, this rebate ought automatically to apply to any car that is nine years or more old in the current year of taxation at any time.

* *
*

MOTORISTS in the North will by now be at Glasgow for the annual Scottish Motor Show, which is being held at the Kelvin Hall until February 4. Judging by the catalogue prepared by the energetic secretary, Mr. David A. Fairley, and its many pages full of the latest details of the cars exhibited there, this annual motor show seems to be quite as big as at Olympia. Also, there are even more novelties to be seen at Glasgow than there were in London. Each car in the catalogue is also priced, so there will be none of that Dutch auction business that upset trade at the show last year, as prices cannot be altered until some lengthy period has elapsed, even if the sellers wished to, which is not likely. The 10 h.p. Rob Roy two-cylinder water-cooled car is to be seen here, a variety of models of the new type Arrol-Johnston, the new Hands 9 h.p. four-cylinder two-seater for £300 complete, including dynamo lighting and engine-starter, the new Delaunay-Belleville 12 h.p. four-cylinder, and the 20 h.p. six-cylinder, a range of Fiats from 10 h.p. to 100 h.p., including commercial and carriage vehicles, to say nothing of old friends like Rolls-Royce, Daimler, Sunbeam, Talbot, Talbot-Darracq, Napier, Lanchester, Rover and company, whose names are household words. In fact, the U.S.A. continent and the United Kingdom are fully represented by their motor products, including some hush! hush! models from across the Rhine. Whether these latter are on view inside or outside the building is, at the time of writing, wropped in mystery. Personally, I hope inside, and put at an end to such nonsense. OLD HY.



**THE RIGHT HON. F. G. KELLAWAY, M.P.**

**The Postmaster-General, on his 11 h.p. Riley Coupé, which he drove from Edinburgh to London in one day when returning from Inverness last summer, thus creating considerable interest amongst light car owners, by whom the performance was regarded as most meritorious, and demonstrating the utility of the owner-driven economical car of small dimensions**

## In the GREAT SOUTH

ATTENTION increasingly turns to the Dominions, and not least to the great countries of the South. Among thousands of people the conviction grows that their future, or that of their children, lies there.

The Union of South Africa is receiving its share of attention. Deservedly so. It is a comfortable country, with large resources; sufficiently developed to be well past the pioneer stage, yet with much development ahead.

That does not mean work for all comers; on the contrary, the supply of wage-earners at present exceeds the demand, and there is unemployment. But it does mean conditions that merit notice from those who are able to establish themselves without financial assistance or dependence on an employer.

The prospective farmer especially, if he has the necessary capital of not less than £2,000, will find much that is attractive in the Union of South Africa. Land is cheap, taxation is comparatively light in the rural areas, living conditions are pleasant. There is great variety of soil and of climatic conditions, conducing to varied production. Every sort of farming has been well-established in some part or other of the country.

Not least worthy of attention is the wide choice of environment. The newcomer can hardly fail to find just the surroundings he seeks. There are the prairie-like plains and great mountain slopes of the Free State; the picturesque sub-tropical coastal belt, and the more bracingly-climated highland farms of Natal; the green hills and park-like country of Eastern Cape Province; the Karoo, famed for its unfailing sunshine and the tonic quality of its air; and the rich, mountain-girt valleys of Western Cape Province.

In the Transvaal there is a selection of all these environments: or a choice of the remoter pastoral life, away from the highways, in the ranching areas where game is still plentiful.

Particulars of the position and prospect in each branch of farming, and of facilities for obtaining training and guidance before investing, should in the first instance be obtained from the Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2.



The Lanchester "Forty"

THE supreme achievement of modern automobile engineering is exemplified in the Lanchester "Forty." Its exterior is admirably consonant with the high quality of the engine, whilst the appointments, both for mechanical convenience and personal comfort, are beyond criticism.

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*Catalogues and photographs sent on application.*

*We are exhibiting a 1922 Model Lanchester "Forty" at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, Jan. 27 to Feb. 4.*

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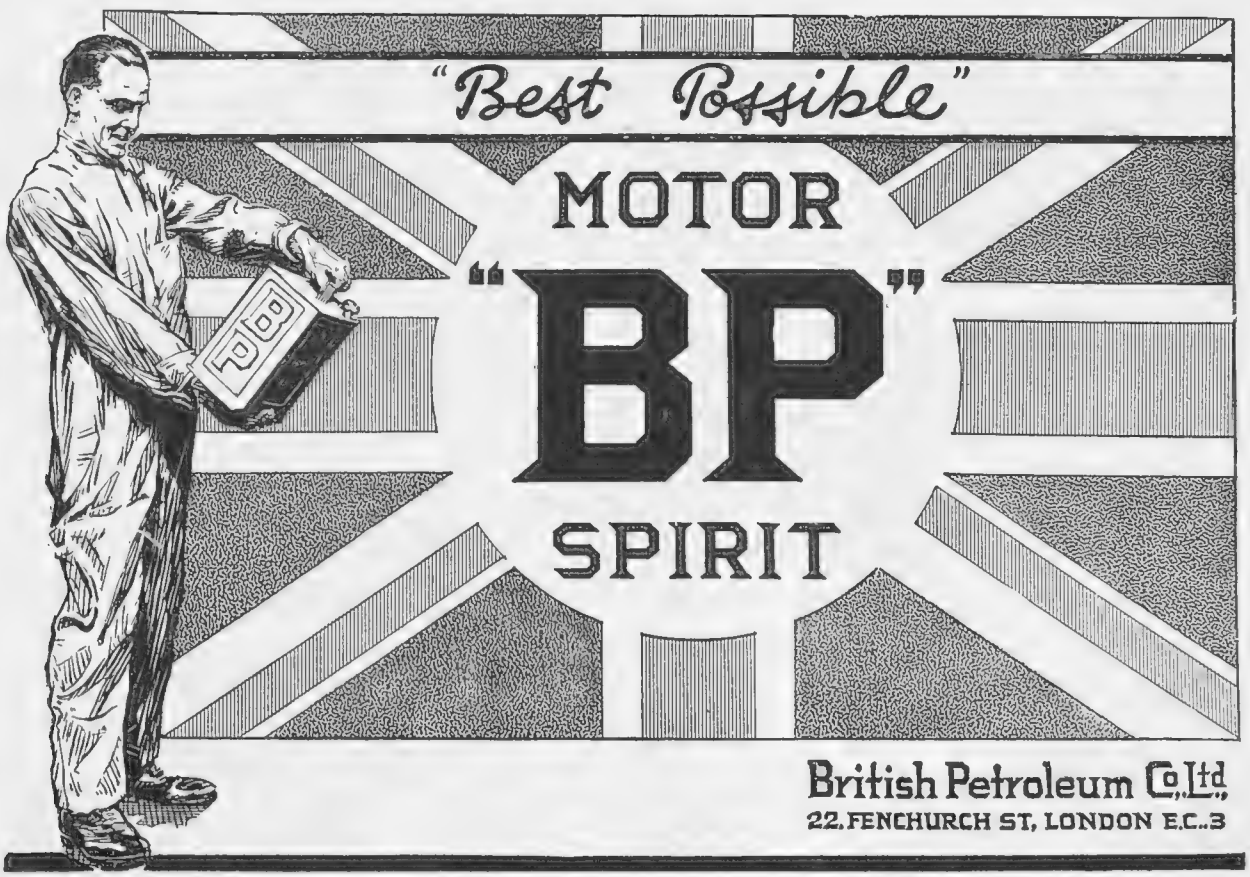

# THE GRAPHIC

February 4, 1922.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

## St. Leonards School, St. Andrews.

BY WINIFRED STEPHENS

## The Inns of London:

LINCOLN'S INN

(Panoramic view)

## Snow Scenes in Switzerland

## New York

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1/- THE GRAPHIC 1/-

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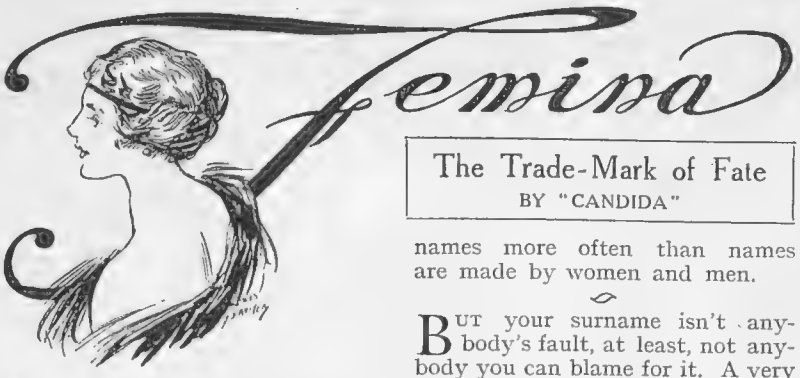



## The Trade-Mark of Fate

BY "CANDIDA"

It's not exactly a thrillingly new and original idea to ask all the Marys and Harrys to club together and produce something really handsome in the way of a wedding present for their distinguished namesakes. As England must fairly bristle with Harrys and Marys that present ought to be worth while, which is, perhaps, a consolation to one for sharing one's name with a crowd. There's a link, I've heard it said, between people similarly afflicted. All the Janes have the same kind of temper, and the Angelas keep the same sort of soul; and if you don't believe me you can read it up in the text-book of the latest science which proves that your name is not an accident, but a sort of trade-mark of fate. It's on a par with the predictions by numbers *à la* Pythagoras, and diagnosis by aura after Leadbeater, or someone. All of which dabbling on the higher planes is much more fascinating to some people than keeping house and facing facts on this one.

"What's in a name?" said Juliet, and argued, not quite in our Shakespeare's best manner, that there was nothing in it. I beg her pardon, or is it his? There's everything in it. It may matter very little on the Day of Judgment, but it's frightfully important while you're still in the flesh, and the directory. It's always preceding you, and creating an impression, which you must either live down or live up to—both equally tiresome. And when it's quite dull and innocuous, and you're an ambitious person, you'll do everything to prove that you're not as null and void as the name you had the bad luck to inherit. The Smiths of this world are not often immortal, though they've got—for obvious reasons—a better chance than most men; which proves that men and women are made by names more often than names are made by women and men.

But your surname isn't anybody's fault, at least, not anybody you can blame for it. A very different matter is your Christian name, for I'm no believer in the new science, and see nothing occult in the fact that you were called William or Jane after a stodgy uncle or a fat aunt. To be born into a family, for instance, where they've always kept a Dorothy for no very convincing reason is enough to take the heart and the independence and the originality out of the last of the Dorothys. The sin of the fathers and mothers, or their lack of imagination, if you like, is visited on the children to heaven knows what generation; not that those irresponsible people, the parents, I mean, can be made to see it.

Think how hard it is in these days, when you're young as long as you want to be, or very nearly, to be dated by a name! Poor woman is ruled by fashion from her infancy upwards. There was the romantic age when all the nice women read their Tennyson, and their poor little, plain little daughters were all doomed to be Elaines and Guineveres. After that came the era of the Ethels and Gladyses when the perfect citizen was she who attracted the least attention, and the herd spirit was the ideal of all nice, ladylike people. And then all the Sonias christened after nothing more Slav than the Merry Widow who was Austrian, now that I come to think of it. And, last of all, the Anns and Joans and Elisabeths of this downright day which has no use for frills, fantasies, and flourishes.

In Early Victorian days, when one was sentimental, or thought one was because there was nothing else to be, the Agathas and Evelyns and Idas might have banded together to do things for their name's sake, but I don't see them doing it now. They did it during the War, to be sure, but that was because every method of raking in the shekels was considered fair game. I remember how the Isabels, the Henriettas, and Margarets all fraternised over hospital beds and motor ambulances in their deep desire "to do something useful." But that fine frenzy is past, and I doubt if there are any more shekels left to rake in. So I don't quite see our Marys, who are so busy, most of them, working out a career, spending time and thought and money just because their mothers did not give them a more original name to live with. However, as aforesaid, England fairly bristles with Marys, and they're not all clever, and some of them may even be sentimental. Let's hope so.

*Photograph* *Dobson Studio, Liverpool*

**MISS CORA LINGARD**

**Whose stories of children will precede "My Son," the new production at the Ambassadors Theatre**

### The Wedding Ball

Under the patronage of Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, a wonderful fancy dress ball will be held at the Royal Albert Hall on the night of Princess Mary's wedding, on Tuesday, February 28, in aid of the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, Maida Vale, W. A limited number of double tickets can be secured at three guineas each, including buffet supper served in the gallery. For these immediate application should be made to Miss Margaret Chute, organiser, "Wedding Ball Office," 1, Albemarle Street (4th floor), Piccadilly, W 1. Telephone, Regent 1322. Single tickets are two guineas each.

# FASHION'S FANCIES

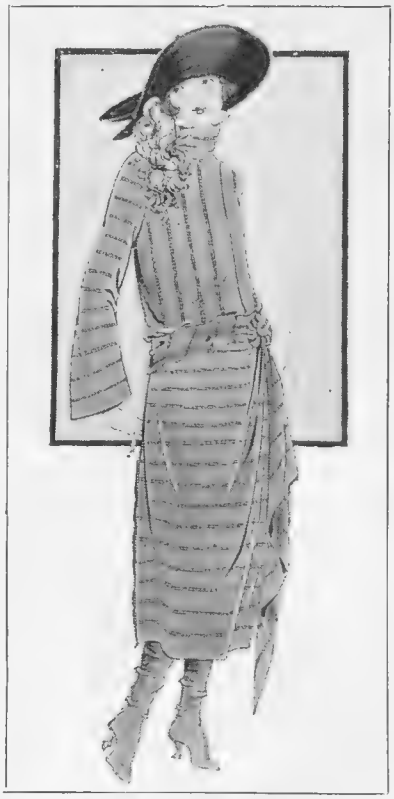
BY MRS. JACK MAY

## A Novelty in Striped Serge

INITIALLY the coat frock has cast off the trammel of always being cut in one, and is now more often than not a two-piece garment united at the waist by a connecting band. Again, it is to be seen modelled on the lines of a coat, with full-gathered side pieces, and this is entered like a coat, the fronts closing at a low line. After this *genre* was an example, carried out in brown and grey shepherd's plaid, the collar faced grey kid to match the immense gauntlet cuffs that reached almost to the elbows of the coat sleeves. Save for the full-gathered sides that were arranged in small outstanding pleats, this represented the slimmest and straightest of garments.

On the other hand, there are elaborations after the character depicted in our first sketch, which is anything but regular in outline or commonplace in effect. For its fashioning there is requisitioned one of the new navy serges interwoven with stripes of dull red and silver, the two deftly commingled. A feature, by the way, of many of the season's woollens is the extra wide width in which they are woven, a provision that at once allows of the skirts being made up the selvedge way, also in one piece. And it is in such manner our original example is handled, the serge, after being draped round the figure, finishing at the left side in long pointed cascade folds.

More amusing play still is made with the stripes in bodice, sleeves, and draped sash, the lines running perpendicularly in the first, horizontally in the sleeves, and diagonally for the belt, while the high collar closes at the left side in continuation of the crossed-over fronts. There is no scintillation of a resemblance to the old-time humble little coat frock in this *chef d'œuvre*, so expressive of all that is of the latest and best in silhouette and material. Equally modish is the black panne hat worn with its trailing ostrich feather of pale grey, the high Hessian suède boots picking up this delicate neutral nuance.



A SMART COAT FROCK

**This dernier cri in coat frocks is fashioned of navy serge interwoven with lines of dull silver and red. It is worn with a large black panne hat, a grey ostrich feather curling over on to the shoulder, and grey Hessian boots**

## The Frilly Blouse

FOR this the *vraie élégante* is showing a marked penchant, which, it is regrettable to say, is not finding the response it should this side of the Channel. In fact, the uniformity and dullness of the *galère* is frankly disheartening. One meets the same ordinary little models under slightly different auspices everywhere, while the becoming frilled blouse is strangely conspicuous by its absence. And this frill is such a decorative and helpful accessory for wearing under coats, especially those with long open fronts that close with a single button at a long waistline; while denuded of the coat the frilly blouse worn in the house has an infinitely more dressy, attractive appearance than one merely finished with hard, uncompromising revers.

So after this mild defence let me draw your attention to the two pictured examples of models duly furbelowed.

## Suitable for Spring and Summer

THE first, worn with a hat, is a confection of champagne-coloured crepe de Chine, the two large graduated *plissé* frills of the same material, mounted with a narrow fold that is continued round the back of the neck. Finishing the cuffs are up-and-down frills of the same *plissé*; these, if preferred, may be replaced by one deeper falling frill that is pulled out beyond the cuff of the coat.

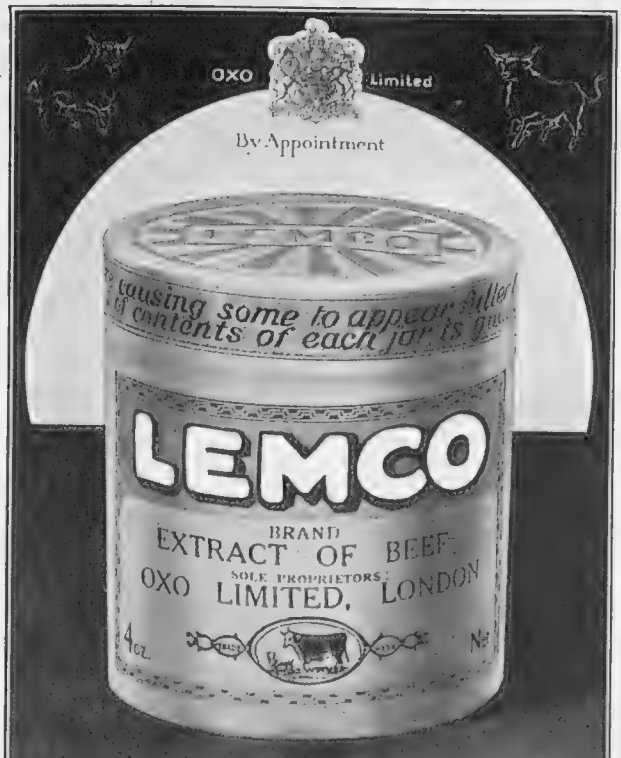
A spring suit that a girl of more or less brunette colouring will find both becoming and useful, is one built of brown covert coating. And this, accompanied by our frilly champagne blouse, brown *panne chapeau*, trimmed bronze ostrich feathers, could be safely

(*Continued on page 264*)

TWO ATTRACTIVE BLOUSES

**Of these two original little blouses, the first is of champagne crepe de Chine, trimmed wide plissé frills of the same. And the other of white handkerchief lawn with triple frills of white and rose spot lawn**

*Original sketches by Betty Nisbet*

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21/22 Walbrook, E.C. 4 (corner of Cannon Street)

Also at Birmingham, Manchester, Bristol and Preston.

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*FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)*

relied upon to see its wearer through many a social vicissitude, including those pleasant early race meetings.

More directly summer-like in aspect is the companion suggestion, although a handy little possession to have in the wardrobe throughout the year. It is made of white handkerchief lawn, two of the finely pleated frills running down the front and trimming the cuffs being of the same white lawn, these sandwiching a third of rose and white spot lawn, the latter again appearing in a tiny turn-over at the summit of the close-fitting collar band.

This is a design also that works out exceedingly well in organdi, pale lavender, for example, trimmed white and lavender frills. Or one especially seductive model recalled of white muslin had the three frills vandyked at the edges, and each button-holed round in a different colour, rose, pale mauve, and a delicate green, if I remember rightly. But the model is open to any amount of diversity alike in material and colouring.

**An Express Innovation**

An admirably useful express service is a departure lately inaugurated by the well-known firm of dyers and cleaners, Messrs. Clark and Co., Hallcroft Works, Retford. Who of us has not suffered, at one time or another, the tiresome inconvenience of a long wait occasioned by having some stand-by treasure of a garment cleaned or dyed in the ordinary way? In fact, the waiting has more often than not induced us to put off the necessary rejuvenation until the eleventh hour.

But that contingency is now entirely obviated by this firm who undertake cleaning orders and black dyeing for mourning in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and this without incurring any extra expenditure.

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It may, perhaps, be just as well to mention the articles that are not included in the express service. These are hats, shoes for dyeing, raincoats for cleaning, and such household furnishing as carpets, curtains, blinds, and tablecloths. That this spirited enterprise supplies a long felt want goes without saying, and it is assured of adding materially to the name and fame of this already highly esteemed firm.

**A FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE**

**Miss Madge Thiel, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Thiel, of Sydney, Australia, whose marriage to Mr. G. Gordon Walker, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Paterson Walker, of "Heatherwood," Putney Heath, takes place on February 22**

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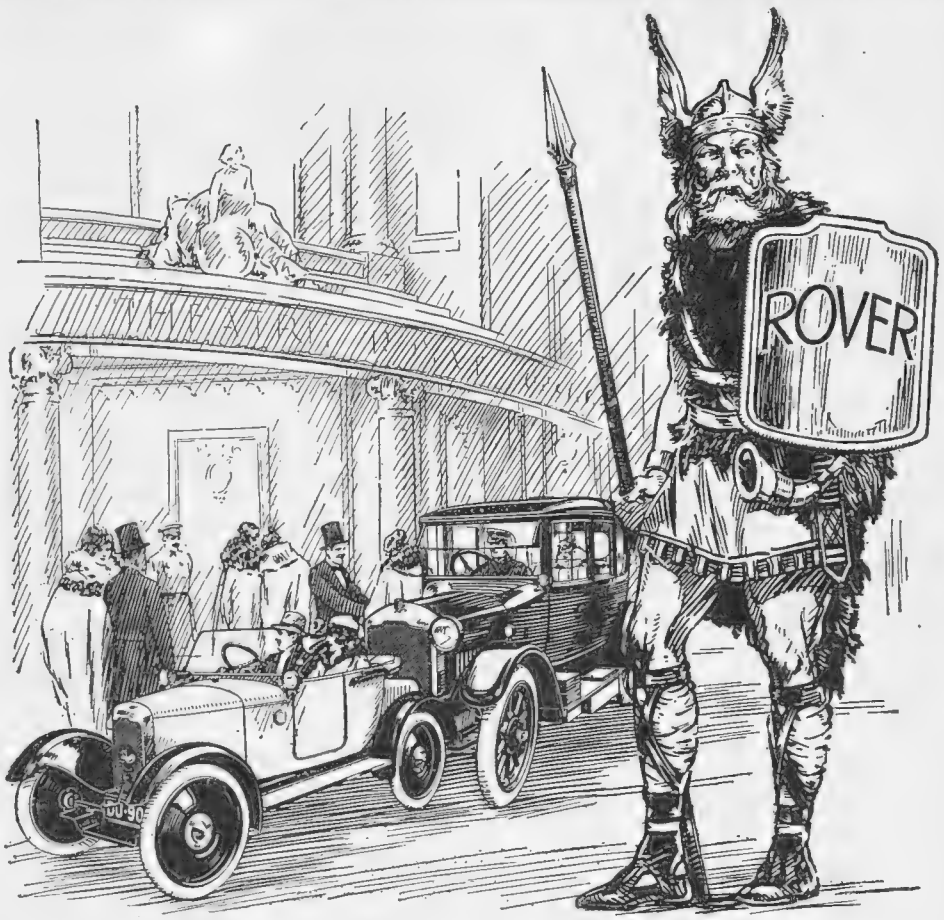


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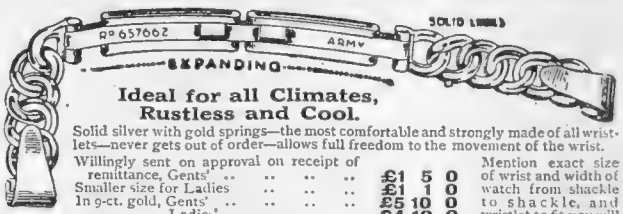


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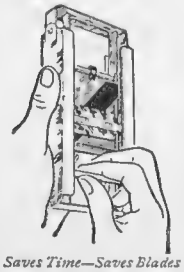

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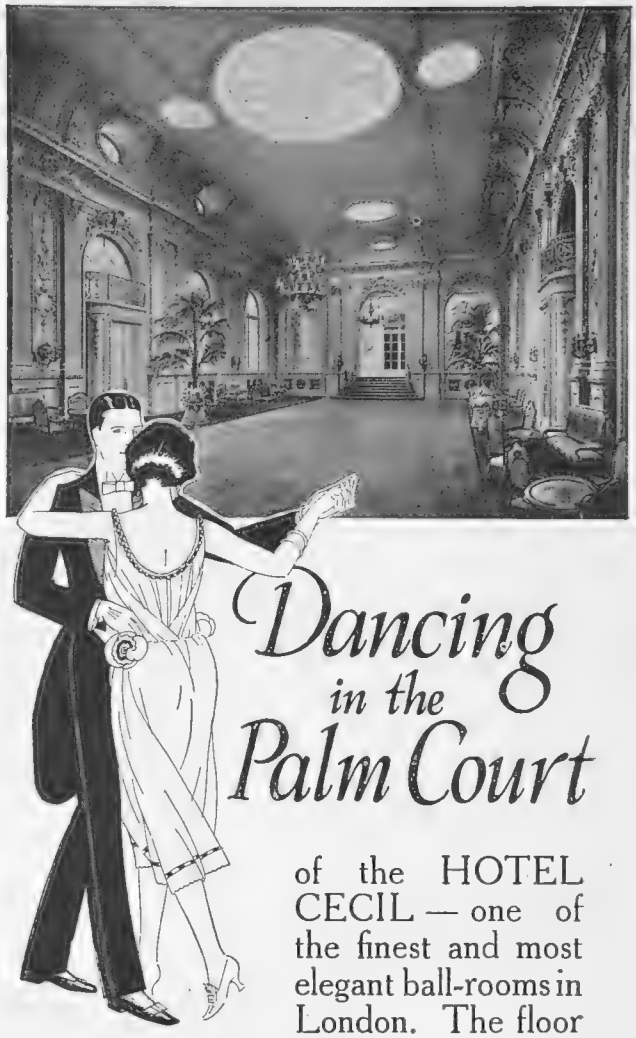

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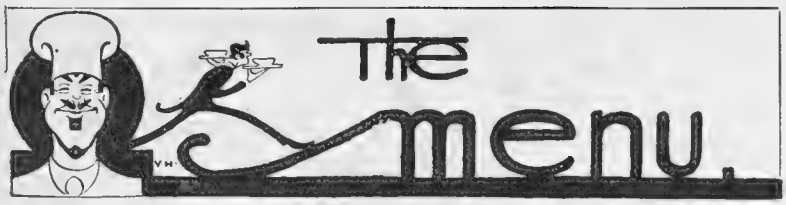


## BREAKFAST DISHES

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EGGS ON RICE
DRIED HADDOCK AND TOMATOES
FRESH HERRINGS
CORN OYSTERS (AN AMERICAN DISH)
HOMINY FRITTERS
MUSHROOM OMELETTE

### Ham Croquettes

Put the remains of some ham or gammon through a mincing-machine (two cupfuls will be sufficient), and mix well with a quarter of a cupful of bread-crumbs. Add two tablespoonfuls of stock, the yolks of two eggs, and a little pepper. Make into small balls, cover with egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

### Eggs on Rice

Butter a flay enamelled dish, fill it half full with well-seasoned boiled rice, make as many depressions in the rice as there are people to be served, break an egg into each of these, sprinkle with salt, and strew with small pieces of butter. Bake until the eggs are set. Serve hot.

### Dried Haddock and Tomatoes

Remove the skin and bones from a cooked smoked haddock, and cut up the fish in fairly large pieces. Melt 1 oz. of margarine in a frying-pan, slice one small onion, and fry a golden brown. Cut two large tomatoes in slices, add to the onion, and cook all together for twenty minutes. Add last of all the fish, and a good sprinkling of pepper. Stir over the fire or gas for a few minutes. Have ready some spaghetti or macaroni, which has been boiled, put it in a fireproof dish, pile the haddock and tomatoes on it, and serve very hot.

### Fresh Herrings

Fillet three or four herrings, and place them overnight in a pie-dish with one spoonful of oil, the same of vinegar, pepper and salt, a small onion cut in slices, and a little parsley. The next morning drain them, roll in bread-crumbs, and grill them under the gas. Serve very hot.

### Corn Oysters (an American Dish)

Turn the contents of a tin of sweet corn into a dish, and to half a pint of corn add one well-beaten egg, a tablespoonful of flour, the same of margarine or butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Drop spoonfuls at a time into boiling lard, and fry a golden brown.

### Hominy Fritters

Mix together one pint of boiled hominy or boiled rolled oats (the latter must be cold and firm), two beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, a little milk. Add one teaspoonful of baking-powder and fry in hot fat, as the above recipe for corn.

### Mushroom Omelette

Whisk up four fresh eggs in a basin, season with salt and pepper, and pour into a well-buttered fire-proof entrée dish. Bake in a fairly hot oven till the omelette is set and of a nice golden brown. It will take about fifteen minutes. Meanwhile peel and cut up small ½ lb. of mushrooms. Sauté them in butter over a quick heat for about ten minutes. Now take the omelette from the oven, and lay the mushrooms all along the top. Pour round a nice brown gravy and serve in the dish in which it was baked.

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## HOW TO "GROW" A NEW COMPLEXION.

These are the days of "hustling." In a week we see and do more than our grandmothers did in a year. We are gradually turning nature to be our servant; we use her great forces against herself. We have conquered sea and sky, now our doctors are fighting not only disease, but old age. There is talk of rejuvenating human beings by the injection of animal glands, but as yet, only the few can avail themselves of the treatment.

There is, however, one secret of perpetual youth that is in the reach of everyone. Scientists now realise that the only way of keeping the skin young and fresh is to examine Nature's methods and to find some way of imitating her.

### Scientific Beauty.

In order to explain the new method of keeping the complexion perpetually youthful, one must understand something of the nature of the skin. A baby's skin is always clear and smooth because the outer layer is always invisibly peeling off, and new layers are forming just as fast underneath, so that the exposed skin is always fresh, unwrinkled and "new."

For the first few years of our lives, this peeling is a purely natural process, but as we grow older, we gradually lose the power of throwing off our old soiled outer skins, so that our complexions become lined and yellow, and the new skin has no chance to show itself.

A few years ago, a scientific chemist realised that a little-known substance called mercolized wax, was exactly what was needed to "keep nature up to the mark." It appears that this substance, which is now universally obtainable, gently and painlessly assists nature in throwing off the soiled outer cuticle. The skin is thus perpetually renewed, and a clear youthful complexion can be preserved to any age.


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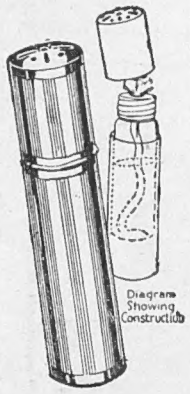


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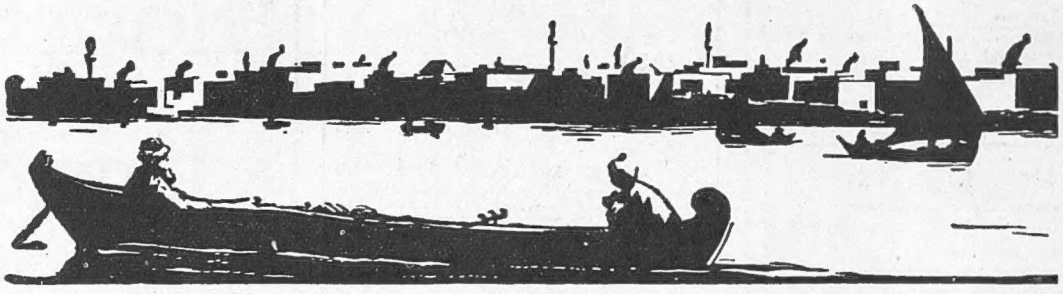

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